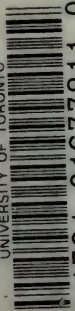


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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF
English Authors
BY ELBERT ^{Vol. 23} HUBBARD ₁₈₉₄
Volume VII



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THOMAS B. MACAULAY

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of the age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man.

—Essay on History.





SUCCESS is in the blood. ¶ There **THOMAS B.**
are men whom Fate can never **MACAULAY**
keep down—they march jauntily
forward, and take by divine right
the best of everything that earth
affords. But their success is not
attained by the Dr. Samuel Smiles-
Connecticut policy. They do not
lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn,

nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily forward.

Good health! Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of your head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every handclasp. Do not fear being misunderstood and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a barque is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed

THOMAS B. MACAULAY a hawser to befoul the screw. ¶ Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do ; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer.

To think rightly is to create.

Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of Creation ✱ Each animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because it wishes to be ; the bird flies because it desires to ; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. Many people know this, but they do not believe it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives.

We want friends, so we scheme and chase 'cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them. The only way to secure friends is to be one.

And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out

of the surplus of your energy you can do for others. **THOMAS B. MACAULAY**
The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone ; bathe in the sunshine ; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, " I am a part of all my eyes behold ! " And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky ; but that you are a necessary particle of the Whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down, it can only be amid a wreck of worlds.

Thus by laying hold on the forces of the Universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and be. Carry your chin in, and the crown of your head high.

We are gods in the chrysalis.



THOMAS B.
MACAULAY



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was small in stature; but he always carried his chin well in and the crown of his head high.

It was said of Rubens that throughout his lifetime he kept success tied to the leg of his easel by a blue ribbon. If ever a writing man

had success tied to the leg of his easy chair, that man was Macaulay.

In the characters and careers of Rubens and Macaulay there is a marked resemblance.

When Macaulay was twenty-two he was at Cambridge, and the tidings arrived that a dire financial storm had wrecked the family fortune. The young man had ever been led to suppose that his father was rich—rich beyond all danger from loss, and that he himself would never have a concern beyond amusing himself, and the cultivation of his intellect. And so in practical affairs his education had been sadly neglected. But when the news of calamity came, instead of being depressed, he was elated to think that now he could make himself positively useful.

Responsibility gravitates to the man who can shoulder it. Strong men who can wisely direct the efforts of others are always needed—they were needed in 1822, when Tom Macaulay received word of his father's trouble—they are needed to-day more than then—men

who meet calamity with a smile and are pleased at sight of obstacles, knowing they can overcome them. **THOMAS B. MACAULAY**
Mr. Augustine Birrell has written, "Macaulay always went his sublime way rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, knowing full well that he could give anybody five yards in fifty and win easily."

Macaulay took up the burden that his father was not able to bear, mastered every detail of the business, studied out the weak points, and then explained to the creditors just what they had better do.

And they did it.

We always trust the man who has courage plus, enthusiasm to spare, and who shows by his manner that he is master of the situation.

In a few years Macaulay saved from the wreck enough to secure his father, mother and sisters against want for the rest of their days, and eventually he paid every creditor in full with interest. Had he run away from the difficulty, as his father was on the point of doing, the family would have been turned homeless into the streets. Moral—Things are never so bad as they seem; and all difficulties sneak away when you look them squarely in the eye.

At this time the family, consisting of the father, mother, three sisters and a brother, lived at No. 50 Great Ormond Street, not far from the British Museum. The house is still standing, but I recently discovered that the occupants know nothing, and care less, about Thomas Macaulay.

THOMAS B. Tom was the child of his mother. In temperament, disposition and physique he was as much unlike his father as two men can well be. Old Zachary Macaulay was a strong, earnest man who took himself seriously. In latter years he grew morose, puritanic and was full of dread of the Unseen. He preached long sermons to his family, cautioned them against frivolity, forbade music, tabooed games, and constantly spoke of the tongue as "the unruly member."

He, of course, was not aware of it, but he was teaching his children by antithesis.

"When I meet Macaulay I always imagine I am in Holland," once said Sidney Smith.

"Why so!" asked a friend.

"Because he is such a windmill," was the reply.

But then we must remember that Sidney Smith never much liked Macaulay—they were too near alike. Whenever they met there was usually a wordy duel. "He is so overflowing with learning that it runs over and he stands in the slop," said Smith.

Tom talked a great deal, he was fond of music and games and was never so pleased as when engaging in some wild frolic with his sisters and any chance youngster that happened to stray in. His sister, Lady Trevelyan, has recorded that during those days of gloom that followed her father's failure, matters were made worse by the stricken man moping at home and tightening the domestic discipline.

Tom never resented this, but on the instant the father

would leave the house, it was the signal of a wild pandemonium of disorder. Tom would play he was a tiger, and crawling under the sofa would emit fearful growls that would cause the children to scream with pretended fright. Next they would play fire, and pile all the furniture in the center of the room, heaping books, clothing, rugs on top. Then Tom would "rescue" his mother if she appeared on the scene, and seizing her in his arms carry her to a place of safety, and then engage in a pillow fight if she came back.

This wild frolic was always a delight to the children and Tom's home-coming was ever watched with eager anticipation. His visits shot the gloom through with sunshine, and when he went away even the neighbor's children were in tears. His health and enthusiasm infected everybody he met.

In the course of looking after his father's business Macaulay unlearned most of the previous lessons of his life, and taught himself that to do for others and sink self was the manly method. But so lightly did he bear the burden that it is doubtful if he ever considered he was making any sacrifice.

When his father died, Macaulay put entirely out of his mind the question of a household separate and apart from that of his mother and sisters. He devoted himself entirely to them; he wanted no other love than theirs.

Unlike so many men of decided talent, the best and most loving side of Macaulay's nature was made

THOMAS B. MACAULAY manifest at home. His bubbling wit, brilliant conversation, and good cheer were for his own fireside, first; and all that cutting, critical, scathing flood of invective was for the public that wore a rhinoceros hide.





MACAULAY'S article on Milton, **THOMAS B. MACAULAY**

published during his twenty-fifth year in the "Edinburgh Review" is generally regarded as a most wonderful achievement. "Just think!" the critics cry—"The first article printed to be of a quality that electrified the world!" But we must remember that this youth

had been getting ready to write that article for ten years.

At college Macaulay shirked mathematics and philosophy, spending his time and attention on things he liked better. The only study in which he excelled was composition. Even in babyhood his command of language had been a wonder to the neighborhood in which he lived. Hannah More had for a time taken him under her immediate charge and prophesied great things of his literary faculty; and his mother was not slow in seconding the opinion.

At Cambridge he already had more than a local reputation as a writer, and it was this reputation that secured him the commission to write for the "Review." The terrible Jeffrey was getting old and his regular staff had pretty nearly worked out their vein. Jeffrey wrote up to London (being south) to a friend telling him that the "Review" must have new blood, and imploring him to be on the lookout for some young man who had ideas in his ink bottle.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY This friend knew the vigor and incisiveness of Macaulay's style, and as he read the letter from Jeffrey he exclaimed, "Macaulay!"

It was a great compliment to a mere youth to be asked to contribute to the "Edinburgh Review." Edinburgh was a literary center, and you could not throw a stone in Princess Street, any more than you can in Tremont Street, Boston, without hitting a poet and caroming on two novel writers and an essayist.

Thomas Carlyle, five years older than Macaulay, and who was to live and write for twenty-five years after Macaulay's passing, had not yet struck twelve. London, too, like Edinburgh, was full of writing men; standing in the market places of Grub Street with no man to hire.

And yet fate sought out Tom Macaulay, five feet, four, who had plenty of other work on hand; and through that single "Essay on Milton" he sprang at once into the front rank of British writers—and at the same time there was thrust into his hands a bonus of fifty pounds for the work.

As a study of a thing that made the reputation of a writer the "Milton" is worth a careful reading. It is very sure that in America to-day there are a hundred men who could write just as good an article, but whether these men are Macaulays or not is quite another question. But it is not at all probable that a writer will ever again leap into place and power on so small a feat.

Yet the article surely shows all the dash and vigor that mark Macaulay's literary style. There is person-
ality in it; it reveals the red corpuscle; and tells THOMAS B. MACAULAY

without question that there is a man behind the guns. It was opportune; for literature at that particular time had reached a point where the sciolist was in full possession, and the dead husks of learning were being palmed off for the living thoughts of living men.

Periodicity reveals itself in all nature, and even in the world of thought there are years of famine and years of plenty. Dry rot gets into letters; things are ripe for a revolution; the tinder is dry and along comes some Martin Luther and applies the torch.

Macaulay simply expressed himself boldly, frankly, and without thought of favor—writing as he felt.

The article made a great stir—the first edition of the magazine was quickly exhausted and Macaulay awoke one morning, like Byron, and found himself famous. All there was about it, the “Milton” revealed a man, a strong, vivid-thinking, vigorous man, who, seeing things clearly, wrote from his heart. Art is born of feeling—it is heart, not head, that carries conviction home, but if you have both, as Macaulay had, it is no special disadvantage.

From the publication of Macaulay's first article the “Review” took on a new lease of life. Prosperity came that way and for the rest of his life the “Review” was not long without contributions from his pen; and the numbers that contained his articles were

THOMAS B. MACAULAY always in great demand. Writers who possess a piercing insight into the heart of things, and who have the courage to express themselves, regardless of the views of others, are well feared by men in power.

The man who knows, who can think, and who can write, holds a sword of Damocles over every politician.

Governments are honey-combed with vulnerable spots; and to secure the ready-writer on your side is the part of wisdom.

Macaulay's article on Milton proved that there was a thinker loose, and that on occasion he could strike. The politicians began to court him, and we find him writing articles of a very Junius-like quality on contemporary issues.

When he was twenty-six years old we are told he was "called to the Bar," which means that he was given permission to practice law. The expression "called" being a mild form of fiction that still obtains in England in legal matters, while in America the word applies only in theology.

The practice of law, however, was not at all to the taste of Macaulay, and after a few short terms on the circuit he relinquished it entirely.

In the meantime we find he read continually. Indeed, about the only bad habit this man had was reading. He read to excess—he read everything and read all the time. He read novels, history, poetry, and dived deeply into the dead languages, reading Plutarch's Lives

twice in a year, and Euripides, Thucydides, Homer, THOMAS B. Cicero, Caesar—all without special aim or end. Such MACAULAY a restless appetite for reading is apt to produce mental dyspepsia, and is not at all to be advised for average people; and the probabilities are that even in Macaulay's case his time might often have been better spent in meditation.

In 1827 appeared in the "Review" the "Essay on Mill." Like all of Macaulay's articles it reveals a wealth of learning and bristles with information on many themes. It often seems as if Macaulay took a subject simply to execute a learned war dance around it. The article on Mill is a good example of merely touching the central theme and then going off into by-lanes of economics, history and civil government, with endless allusions to literature, poetry, art and philosophy. It is all intensely interesting, closely woven, often gorgeous in its coloring; and "style" runs like a thread of gold through it all.

Shortly after this article appeared, Lord Lansdowne intimated to the young writer that he would like the honor of introducing him into public life, and if agreeable he could arrange for him to stand for Parliament in the vacant seat of Calne.

Calne was one of those vest-pocket boroughs, owned by a single man, of which England has so many. The people think they choose their representative, but they do not, any more than we do in America. The government by the Boss and for the Boss is no new

THOMAS B. MACAULAY institution. Macaulay presented himself and was elected without opposition. And so before his thirtieth year he found himself on the flood tide of National politics. **¶** Fifteen years before, if any one had expressed himself as plainly as Macaulay did on entering Parliament, he would have had a taste of jail, the hulks, or the pillory. So alert had the Government agents been for sedition that to stick one's tongue in his cheek at a member of the Cabinet was considered fully as bad as poaching, both being heinous offences against God and man. Persecution was in the air and tyranny stalked abroad.

But tyranny is self-limiting. If laws are too severe there will surely come a time when they will not be observed, and history shows that the men who have introduced the guillotine ended their careers in its embrace.

A change had come in England. The Tories were being jostled from their seats, and the Whigs were just coming into power. Liberalism was abroad in the land, and surely the time had come when a strong man might speak his mind.

Macaulay was by nature a protester; he was "agin 'em;" and when he chose a subject for his maiden speech he was not only sincere, but exceeding politic. He guessed the lay of the land, and knew the direction of the wind. Heresy was popular.

His address was in favor of an act removing the legal disabilities of Jews. It was a plea for liberty, and such

was the vigor, power and vivid personality he threw into the address that he astonished the House and brought in the loungers from the cloak rooms. **THOMAS B. MACAULAY**

It was his only speech during the session. Efforts were made to get him on his feet again, but he was too wise to lend the battery of his mind to any commonplace theme. Only a subject such as might stir men's souls could tempt him.

Wise Thomas Macaulay !

He had made a reputation as a writer by his first article, and after his maiden speech all London chanted his praises as an orator. He practiced self-restraint and knew better than to dilute his fame by holding argument with small men on little topics.

His first speech at the next session of Parliament only served to fix his place as an orator more firmly. The immediate excuse was the "Reform Bill;" but the subject was liberty, and literature and history were called upon to furnish fire and supply the fuel for pyrotechnics. After its delivery the Speaker sent for Macaulay and personally congratulated him on making the most effective address to which he had listened for twenty-five years. The House of Commons, ever willing and anxious to appropriate a genius, being glutted by the dull and commonplace, sought in many ways from this time forward to do honor to Macaulay. The elder members grew reminiscent and said the good old times were coming back, and talked of Burke, Fox, Canning and Lord Plunket.

THOMAS B. Jeffrey, feeling a sense of guardianship over **Macaulay**, having launched him, as he rightfully claimed, was on hand to hear the speech, and made haste to embrace his ward, kissing him on both cheeks.

Judging from this distance, there was nothing especially peculiar or distinctive about Macaulay's oratory, save his intense personality and vivid earnestness. An educated man, thoroughly alive on any one theme, is always interesting. And it was Macaulay's policy never to speak in public on a theme that did not bring out his entire armament, and yet with it all he was wise enough to cultivate a feeling of restraint and leave the impression that he had much more in reserve. So it was in his literary work: he never wrote when tired, nor attempted to express when he was not thoroughly alive to the subject in hand. He watched his mood. And thus in all Macaulay's "Essays" we feel the systole and dyastole, and the hot, strong, impatient movement of ruddy life. There is "go" in every sentence. This is what constitutes his marvelous style—life, life, life!

To very few men, indeed, is it given to be at once a brilliant talker, a strong writer and an effective orator. Clever talkers are seldom orators, and the great writers usually ebulliate only in the silence of their studies. The fame of Macaulay went abroad, and he became the social lion of London—he was courted, feted, petted—and in drawing rooms when he attended, people stood on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of him, and

remained breathless that they might hear him speak. **THOMAS B. MACAULAY**
No doubt the fact that he was a bachelor helped fan the social flame. His sister has recorded that every morning cards and letters of invitation were piled high on his breakfast table.

With it all, though, the handsome little man preserved his poise, and his modesty and becoming dignity in public never failed him.

Such was Macaulay's popularity that after having served two terms for the borough of Calne, the way was opened for him to stand for Leeds. Indeed, it is probable that a dozen districts would have been glad to elect him as their representative.

After the passing of the "Reform Bill," to which his efforts had been so valuable, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control. This Board represented the King in the Government's relations with the East India Company. Macaulay, being the strongest man in the Board, was naturally chosen its secretary, just as the best man in a jury is chosen foreman. Here was a man who was not content to be a mere figurehead in office, trusting to paid clerks and underlings to secure him information and do the work—not he. Macaulay set himself the task of thoroughly acquainting himself with Indian affairs. He read every book of importance bearing on the subject; and studied the record and history of every man of consequence who was or had been connected with India. His intensely practical, business-like mind sifted every

THOMAS B. MACAULAY detail, intuitively separating the relevant from the inconsequential, so that within a few months older heads were going to him for information, just as in a store or shop there is always one man who knows where things are and in times of doubt he is the man who is sought out ♣ To the many it is so much easier to ask someone else than to find out for themselves; and it also shifts the responsibility, and gives one a chance, if necessary, to prove a halibi—goodness gracious! ♣ One feature of the Reform Bill provided that one of the members of the Supreme Council of India should be chosen from among persons not connected in any way with the East India Company.

This membership of the Supreme Council was a most important office, and carried with it the modest salary of ten thousand pounds a year—fifty thousand dollars—double what the President of the United States then received.

Macaulay had had no hand in creating this office, and indeed at the time the Reform Bill was being gotten into shape his interest in Indian affairs had only been casual. But now he was recognized as the one man for the new office, and the office sought the man.

Comparatively, Macaulay was a poor man, and the acceptance of the office for the term of six years would place him for the rest of his life beyond the reach of want. He could live royally and return at forty years of age, with at least thirty thousand pounds to his credit. ¶ And yet he hesitated about accepting the office. His

far-reaching eye told him that an exile for six years from England would place him out-of-touch with things at home, and that the greater office to which he aspired would be beyond his grasp. * Beside that, the fact would always be brought up that his reward for well-doing had been enough, just as we have an unwritten law in America that there shall be no "third term."

THOMAS B.
MACAULAY

Macaulay saw all this and hesitated.

He advised with Lord Lansdowne, and with his sister Hannah, his nearest and best friend; and if it had been possible his mother would have been given the casting vote; but two years before, she had passed out, yet not until she realized that her son was one of the foremost men in England. Hannah Macaulay

(named in honor of Hannah More) advised the acceptance of the office, and upon his earnest request agreed to share her brother's exile.



THOMAS B.
MACAULAY



ANNAH MACAULAY, gracious in every way, was the sister of her brother. Her mind was fit companion for his, and whenever he had a difficult problem on hand he would clarify it by explaining to her; and be it known, you can never talk well to a dullard.

And so Hannah the loyal resigned her position as governess, and brother and sister packed up and sailed away in the good ship "Asia" for India. Among their belongings was a modest library of three thousand volumes, all of which, a wit has said, were read twice through by Macaulay on the outward voyage. India was safely reached, and Macaulay set himself with his accustomed vigor to learning the language and informing himself as to the actual status of things, in order that he might provide for their betterment. On account of his grasp on legal matters he was elected Legal Adviser of the Supreme Council.

Everything went well for a year and then a terrible calamity overtook Macaulay.

His sister was in love.

This seems a good place to explain that Thomas Babington Macaulay himself, was never in love. He had no time for that—his days were too full of books and practical business to ever waste any time on soft sentiment. But now he was confronted by a condition, not a theory:

Lord Trevelyan was in love with his sister and his sister was in love with Lord Trevelyan. Macaulay might have discovered the fact for himself and saved the lovers the embarrassment of making a confession, had he not been so terribly busy with his books, but Macaulay, like love, was blind—to some things. He heard the confession, and wept. Then he gave the pair his blessing—there was nothing else to do.

It was not long after the wedding that he discovered he had found a brother instead of having lost a sister; and the sister being very happy Macaulay was happy, too. He insisted that they move their effects into his house, and they did so, all living as one happy family. So the years passed; and when children came Macaulay's joy was complete. His heart went out to his sister's children as though they were his own. Occasionally the good mother complained that the Legal Adviser of the Supreme Council undid her discipline by indulging the youngsters in things that she had forbidden. To all of which the Legal Adviser would only laugh, and crawling under the settle would emit many tigerish growls, and the children would scream with terror and delight, and other children, brown-legged, wearing no clothes to speak of, would come trooping in and together they would manage, after an awful struggle, to capture the tiger, and with some in front and others behind and two or three on his back, would carry him away captive.

THOMAS B.
MACAULAY

THOMAS B. MACAULAY One of these children, grown to manhood, Sir George Trevelyan, was destined to write, with the help of his mother, the best life of Macaulay that has ever been written.

The exile did not prove quite so severe as was anticipated; but when in 1838 it was necessary for Lord Trevelyan to return to England, Macaulay, sick at the thought of being left behind, resigned his office and sailed back with the family.

We are told that office-holders seldom die and never resign. This may be true in the main; but surely there cannot be found another instance in history of a man throwing up an office with a fifty thousand dollar salary attachment, simply because he could not bear the thought of being separated from his sister's children.





SOON after his return to England THOMAS B. Macaulay was elected to a seat MACAULAY in Parliament from Edinburgh, a city that he had scarcely so much as visited, but to whose interest he had been loyal in that, up to this time, nine-tenths of all he had written had been printed there.

To represent Edinburgh in the House of Commons was no small matter, and we know that Macaulay was not unmindful of the honor.

His next preferment was his appointment as Secretary of War, and a seat in the Cabinet.

During all these busy years he ever had on hand some piece of literary work. In fact all of the "Essays" on which his literary fame so largely rests, were composed on "stolen time" in the lull seized from the official and social whirl in which he lived.

If you want a piece of work well and thoroughly done, pick a busy man. The man of leisure postpones and procrastinates, and is ever making preparations and "getting things in shape;" but to focus on a thing and do it is the talent of the man seemingly o'erwhelmed with work. Women in point lace and diamonds, club habitues and "remittance men"—those with all the time there is—can never be entrusted to carry the message to Gomez.

Pin your faith to the busy person.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY Macaulay's first and only political rebuff came with his defeat the second time he stood for election in Edinburgh. His conscientious opposition to a measure in which the Scottish people were especially interested caused the tide to turn against him.

No doubt, though, the failure of re-election was a good thing for Macaulay—and for the world. He at once began serious work on his History of England—that project which had been in his head and heart for a score of years. All of his literary labors so far had been merely ephemeral—at least he so regarded them. The essays he regarded only as so many newspaper articles, not worth the collecting. It was America that first guessed their true value as literature, and it was not until the American editions were pouring into England that Macaulay allowed his scattered work to be collected, corrected and put into authorized book form.

This history was to be the thesis that would admit his name to the Roster of Fame. But, alas, the history was destined to be only a fragment. It covers scarce fifteen years, and is like that other splendid fragment, the work of Henry Thomas Buckle, a preface; Buckle's preface is the greatest ever penned, with its author dead at forty. The projected work of both of these men was too great for any one man to accomplish in a single lifetime. A hundred years of unremitting toil could not have completed Macaulay's task.

In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; and at his speech of installation he took

occasion to take formal leave of political life ♣ He THOMAS B.
would devote the remainder of his days to literature MACAULAY
and abstract thought.

Men are continually "retiring" from business and active life, all unaware of the grim humor of the proceedings. It was not so very long before, Edinburgh, in an endeavor to undo the slight she had put upon Macaulay, again elected him to Parliament, without his being near, or raising his hand either for or against the measure.

And again his voice was heard in the House of Commons.

Macaulay was a modest man, and yet he knew his power.

The Premiership dangled just beyond his reach. Many claim that if he had not gone to India he would have moved by strong, steady strides straight to the highest office that England could bestow ♣ And others aver that when he was created a Peer in 1857 it was a move toward the Premiership, and that if his health had not failed he would surely have won the goal ♣ But how futile it is to speculate on what might have happened had not this or the other occurred!

Yet certainly the daring caution of Macaulay's mind, his dignity and luring presence, his patience, self-command, good temper, and all those manifold graces of his heart would have made him an almost ideal Premier, one who might rank with Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli or Gladstone.

THOMAS B. But the highest office was not for him ¶ We die by
MACAULAY heart-beats; and Macaulay at fifty-nine had lived as
much as most strong men do if they exist a hundred
years ✽ ✽

It is easy to show where Lord Macaulay could have
been greater. His life lies open to us as the ether. We
complain because he did not read less and meditate
more; we sigh at his lack of religion and mention the
fact that he never loved a woman, seemingly waiving
tautology and the fact that men who do not love are
never religious.

We forget that it takes a good many men to make the
Ideal Man.

If Macaulay had been different he would have been
some one else ✽ He was a brave, tender-hearted man
who lived one day at a time, packing the moments
with good cheer, good work and an earnest wish to do
better tomorrow than he had done today. That Nature

occasionally produces such a man should be a
cause for gratitude in the hearts of all
the rest of us little folk who jig,
mince, mouth, amble,
run, peek about &
criticise our
betters.







LORD BYRON



I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years, their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

—Childe Harold.



LORD BYRON



AN! I wonder what a man really LORD
is! Starting from a single cell, this BYRON
seized upon by another, and out
of the Eternal comes a particle of
the Divine Energy that makes
these cells its home ☞ Growth
follows, cell is added to cell, and
there develops a man—a man
whose body, two-thirds water, can

be emptied by a single dagger-thrust and the spirit
given back to its Maker.

This being, which we call man, does not last long ☞
Fifty-seven generations have come and gone since
Cæsar trod the Roman Forum, ☞ The pillars against
which he often leaned still stand, the thresholds over
which he passed are there, the pavements ring be-
neath your tread as they once rang beneath his. Three
generations and more have come and gone since Na-
poleon trod the streets of Toulon contemplating suicide.

¶ Babes in arms were carried by fond mothers to see
Lincoln, the candidate for President ☞ These babes
have grown into men, are grandfathers possibly, with
whitened hair, furrowed faces, looking calmly forward
to the end, having tasted all that life holds in store for
them ✕ ✕

And yet Lincoln lived but yesterday! You can reach
back into the past and grasp his hand, and look into
his sad and weary eyes.

A man! weighted with the sins of his parents, grand-

LORD parents, great-grandparents, who fade off into dim
BYRON spectral shapes in the dark and dream-like past; no
word of choice has he in the selection of his father and
mother, no voice in the choosing of environment—
brought into life without his consent and thrust
out of it against his will—battling, striving,
hoping, cursing, waiting, loving, pray-
ing; burned by fever, torn by pas-
sion, checked by fear, reach-
ing for friendship, longing
for sympathy, clutch-
ing—nothing.





DOCTORS and priests attend us at **LORD**
both ends of the route. We cannot **BYRON**
be born, neither can we die, with-
out consulting the tax collector,
and interviewing those who look
after us for a consideration.

The doctor who sought to assist
George Gordon Byron into the
world dislocated the bones of his
left foot in the operation. Forsooth, this baby would
not be born as others—he selected a way of his own
and paid the penalty. “It is a malformation—take
these powders—I’ll be back to-morrow,” quoth the
busy doctor.

The autopsy proved it was not a malformation but a
displacement.

“Doctor, now please tell me just what is the matter
with me,” once asked an anxious patient.

“Tut, tut,” replied the absent-minded physician, “can’t
you wait? The post-mortem will reveal all that.” The
critics did not wait for Byron’s death—it was vivisection.
And after his death the dissection was zealously
continued. Byron’s life lies open to us in many books.
Scarcely a month in the entire life of the man is unac-
counted for, and if a hiatus of a few weeks is found,
the men of imagination fill in and make him a pirate
on the Mediterranean coast, or give him a seraglio in
some gloomy old Moorish palace in Venice.

In his lifetime Byron was over-praised and over-cen-

LORD sured, and since his death the dust has been allowed
BYRON to gather over his matchless books. Between the two extremes lies the truth; and the true Byron is just now being discovered. Byron in literature will not die. He is the brightest comet that has darted into our ken since Shakespeare's time; and as comets have no orbit, but are vagrants of the heavens, so was he. Tragedy was in his train, and his destiny was disgrace and death ❀❀

And yet as we review the life of this man, "the lame brat" of his mother, as this mother called him, and behold the whirlwind of passion that swept him on, the fulsome praise, the shrill outcry of hypocritical prudes and pedants, the torrent of abuse and the piling up of sins that he never committed (and God knows he committed enough!); and yet behold his craving for tenderness, the reaching out for truth, and hear his earnest and unquenchable prayer to be understood and loved, we blot out the record of his sins with our tears. To know the life of Byron and not be moved to profoundest pity marks one as alien to his kind.

"God is on the side of the most sensitive," said Thoreau ❀ And did there ever tread the earth a man more sensitive than Byron?—such capacity for suffering, such exaltation—such heights, such depths! ❀ Music made him tremble and weep, and in the presence of kindness he was powerless. He lived life to its fullest, and paid the penalty with shortened years. He expressed himself without reserve—being emancipated from

superstition and precedent. And the man who is not LORD
dominated by the fetich of custom is marked for con- BYRON
tumely by the many. Custom makes law, and the one
who violates custom is "bad." Yet all respectable
people are not good; and all good people are not re-
spectable. If you do not know this you are ignorant
of life.

So imagine this handsome, headstrong, restless young
man in whose lexicon there was no such word as pru-
dence, with time and money at his command, defying
the state, society and religion, and listen to the anath-
emas that fill the air at mention of his name.

That a world full of such men would not be at all de-
sirable is stern truth; but that one such man lived is
a cause for congratulation. His life holds for us both
warning and example.

Beneath the strain of the stuff and the onward swirl
of his verse we see that this man stood for truth and
justice as against hypocrisy and oppression. Folly and
freedom are better far than smugness and persecution.
Byron stood for the rights of the individual, for the
right of free speech and free thought; and he stood for
political and physical freedom long before abolition
societies became popular. He sided with the people;
his heart went out to the oppressed; and all of his
fruitless gropings and stumblings were a reach-
ing out for tenderness and truth, for
life and love—for the Ideal.

LORD
BYRON



HE father of Byron, the poet, was a captain in the army—a man of small mental ability, whose recklessness won him the sobriquet of “Mad Jack Byron.” When twenty-three years of age he eloped to France with the Baroness Conyers, wife of the Marquis of Carmarthen. Happiness, in a foreign country, for a woman who has exchanged one love for another is outside the pale of possibilities. Love is much—but love is not all. Life is too short to break family ties and adjust one’s self to a new language and a new country. The change means death.

Two years and the woman died, leaving a daughter, Augusta by name, afterward Mrs. Augusta Leigh. Back to England went Mad Jack Byron, broken hearted, bearing in his arms the baby girl. Kind kinsmen, ready to forgive, cared for the child. Mad Jack didn’t remain broken hearted long—what would you expect from a man? He sought sympathy among several discreet dames, and in two years we find him safely and legally married to Catherine Gordon, Scotch, and heiress to twenty-five thousand pounds. On the occasion of the wedding Jack informed a friend that the fact of the lady being Scotch was forgiven in view of the dowry. Most of this fortune went into a rat hole to help pay the debts of the Mad Jack.

One child was born to this ill-assorted pair—a boy

who was destined to write his name large on history's LORD
page. But such a pedigree! No wonder the youth once BYRON
wrote to Augusta, his half-sister, expressing a covetous
appreciation of her parentage, even with its bar sinister.
In passing, it is well to note the sunshine of this
love of brother and sister, that continued during life—
confidential, earnest, tender, frank. In their best moods
they were both lofty souls, and their mutuality was
cemented in a contempt for the man who was their
sire. ♪ This fine brotherly and sisterly affection comes
close to us when we remember that it was our own
Harriet Beecher Stowe, with sympathies worn to the
quick through much brooding over the wrongs of a race
in bondage, who rushed into print with a scandalous
accusation concerning this same sweet affection of
brother for sister. The charge was brought on no better
foundation than some old woman gossip held over the
hyson when it was red, and moved itself aright—all
vouchsafed to Mrs. Stowe by the widow of Byron in
1856. If a woman as good at heart as Harriet Beecher
Stowe was deceived, why should we blame humanity
for biting at a hook that is not baited?

No sane dentist will administer an anæsthetic to a
woman, without a witness: not that women as a class
are dangerous, but because some women cannot be
trusted to distinguish between their dreams and the
facts. Every practicing lawyer of insight also knows
that a wronged woman's reasons are plentiful as black-
berries, and must always be taken with large pinches

LORD of the Syracuse product. **Q** Mad Jack followed his regiment here and there, dodging his creditors, and finally **BYRON** in 1791 induced his wife to borrow a hundred pounds for him, with which he started to Paris intent on retrieving fortune with pasteboard.

He died on the way and the money was used to bury him. **A** The lame boy was then three years old, but a few dark memories, no doubt retouched by hearsay, were retained by him of Mad Jack, who in his most sober moments never guessed that he would be known to the ages as the father of the greatest poet of his time.

Q Mad Jack was neither literary nor psychic.

The widowed mother remained at Aberdeen with her boy, living on the hundred and fifty pounds a year that had been settled on her in a way that she could not squander the principal—all the rest had gone.

The child was shy, sensitive, proud and headstrong.

Q The mother used to reprove him by throwing things at him, and by chasing him with the tongs. At other times she diverted herself by imitating his limp. And yet again she would smother him with caresses, beseech his pardon for abusing him, and praise the beauty of his matchless eyes.

Children are usually better judges of grown-ups than grown-ups are of children. **A** This boy at five years of age had estimated his mother's character correctly. He knew that she was not his steadfast friend, and that she was unworthy of his confidence and whole heart's love. He grew moody, secretive, willful. Once, being

wrongly accused and punished, he seized a knife from the table and was about applying it to his throat when he was disarmed. The child longed for tenderness and love, and being denied these, was already taking on that proud and haughty temper that was to serve as a mask to hide the tenderness of his nature. LORD
BYRON

We are told that seven brothers Byron fought at Edgehill, but when we get down to the time of Mad Jack there was danger of the name being snuffed out entirely. Nature is not anxious to perpetuate the idle and dissipated.

When little George Gordon was ten years old his mother one day ran to him, seized him in her arms, wept and laughed, then laughed and wept, kissing him violently, addressing him as "My Lord!"

His great-uncle, William, Lord Byron of Rochdale and Newstead Abbey, had died and the big-eyed, lame boy was the nearest heir—in fact the only living male who bore the family name. The next day at school when the master called the roll and mentioned his name with the prefix "Dominus" the lad did not reply "Adsum"—he only stood up, gazed helplessly at the teacher and burst into tears.

Even at this time he had given promise of the quality of his nature by his firm affection for Mary Duff, his cousin. All the intensity of his childish nature was centered in this young woman, several years his senior. To call it a passion would be too much, but this child, denied of love at home, clung to Mary Duff to whom

LORD he went in confession with all his childish tales of woe.
BYRON When his mother proposed to leave Aberdeen, now that fortune had smiled, the anguish of the boy at thought of leaving his "first love" nearly caused him a fit of sickness.

And all this wealth of love was met with jeers and loud laughter, save by Mary Duff. The vibrating sensitiveness of such a child, with such a mother, must have caused a misery we can only guess.

"Your mother is a fool," said a boy to Byron at college some years later.

"I know it," was the melancholy answer, as the brown eyes filled with tears.

When money came, Mrs. Byron's first move was to take the lad to Nottingham and place him in charge of a surgical quack who proposed, for a price, to make the lame foot just as good as the other, if not better. To this effect wooden clamps were placed on the foot and screwed down by thumb screws, causing a torture that would have been unbearable to many.

No benefit was experienced from the treatment, although it was continued by another physician at London soon after. A schoolfellow of Byron's visited him in his room when his foot was encased in a wooden compress. The visitor noted the white face, and the beads of anguish on the boy's forehead and at last said, "I know you are suffering awfully!"

"You will never hear me say so," was the grim reply.

¶ The emphasis placed on Byron's lameness has been

altogether overdone. In fact, as he grew to manhood, **LORD**
it was nothing more than a stiffness that would never **BYRON**
have been noticed in a drawing-room ♣ We have this
on the testimony of the Countess Guiccioli, Lady
Blessington and others. Byron himself made the mis-
take of referring to it several times in his verse, and
doubtless all the torture he had suffered through ill-
considered medical council, and his mother's taunts,
caused the matter to take a place in his sensitive mind
quite out of its due proportion. Sir Walter Scott was
lame, too, but whoever heard of his discussing it, either
by word of mouth or in print?

Of Byron's life at Harrow we have many tales as to
his defending his juniors, volunteering to take punish-
ment for them—and of lessons unlearned ♣ He could
not be driven nor forced, and pedagogics a hundred
years ago, it seemed, was largely a science of coer-
cion ♣ Mary Gray, a nurse and early teacher of
Byron's, has told us that kindness was the
unfailing touchstone with this boy; no
other plan would work. But Harrow
knew nothing of Froebel meth-
ods, and does not yet.

LORD
BYRON



BYRON'S first genuine love affair occurred when he was sixteen. The object of this affection, as all the world knows, was Miss Chaworth, whose estate adjoined Newstead ♡ The lady was two years older than Byron, and being of a lively nature found a pleasant diversion in leading the youth a merry chase ♡ So severe was his attack that he was alternately oppressed by chills of fear and fevers of ecstasy. He lost appetite and the family began to fear for his sanity. Such a love must find expression some way, and so the daily stealthy notes to the young woman took the form of rhyme. The love-sick youth was revealing considerable facility in this way. It pleased him, and did the buxom young woman no harm ♡ Beyond the mere prettiness and pinky whiteness of a healthy country lass, Miss Chaworth evidently had no beauties of character, save those conjured forth from the inner consciousness of the poet—a not wholly original condition.

Byron loved the Ideal. And this love affair with Miss Chaworth is only valuable as showing the evolution of imagination in the poet. The woman had n't the slightest idea that she was giving wings to a soul,—to her the affair was simply funny.

The fact that Byron's great-uncle, from whom he had inherited his title, had killed the grandfather of Miss

Chaworth in a duel, lent a romantic tinge to the matter **LORD**
—the boy was doing a sort of penance, and in one of **BYRON**
his poems, hints at the undoing of the sin of his kins-
man by the lifelong devotion that he will bestow. This
calling up the past, and incautious revealing of the
fact that the ancestor Chaworth could not hold his
own with a Byron but allowed himself to be run through
the body by the Byron cold steel, was not pleasing to
Miss Chaworth.

“Don’t imagine I am such a fool as to love that lame
boy,” cried Miss Chaworth to her maid one day ♣
Unluckily, “the lame boy” was in the next room and
heard the remark.

He rushed from the house with a something gripping
at his heart. Straightway he would go back to Harrow,
which he had left in wrath only a few months before.
So he went to Harrow.

When he next returned home, his mother met him
with the remark, “I have news for you; get out your
handkerchief—Miss Chaworth is married.”

In just another year Byron was home again, and was
invited to dine with the Chaworths. He accepted the
invitation, and when he was introduced to a baby girl,
a month old, the child of his old sweetheart, his emo-
tions got the better of him and he had to leave the
room. And to ease his woe he indited a poem to the
baby ♣ ♣

Miss Chaworth was not happy with her fox-hunting
squire. Her mind became clouded, and after some years

LORD she passed out, in poverty and alone. And if there ever
BYRON came to her mind any appreciation of the greatness of
the man who had given her name immortality we do
not know it ❖ ❖

The years from 1805 to 1808 Byron spent at Cambridge. The arts in which he perfected himself there were shooting, swimming, fencing, drinking and gambling. ¶ During vacations, and off and on, he lived at Southwell, a village half way between Mansfield and Newark. Southwell was sleepy, gossipy, dull—and exerted a wholesome restraint on our restless youth ☞ It was simply a question of economy that took Byron and his mother to Southwell ❖ The run down estate of Newstead was yielding a meagre income, but at Southwell one could be shabby and yet respectable.

At Southwell Byron met John Pigot and his sister—educated, cultured people of a refined and quiet sort. Byron took to them at once, and they liked him.

In a country town the person who thinks, instinctively hunts out the other man who thinks—granting the somewhat daring hypothesis that there are two of them. So Byron and the Pigots often met for walks and talks, and on such occasions the poet would read to his friends the scraps of verse he had written. He had gotten into the habit—he wrote whenever his pulse ran up above eighty—he wrote because he could not help it; and he read his productions to his friends for the same reason. Every one who writes longs to read his work to some sympathetic soul. A thought is not ours until we repeat

it to another, and this crying need of expression marks every poetic soul. All art is born of feeling, high, intense, holy feeling, and the creative faculty is largely a matter of temperature ♫ We feel, and not to impart our feelings is stagnation—death. People who do not feel deeply never have anything to impart, either to individuals or the world. They have no message.

The young man, fresh from the dusty, musty lectures of Cambridge and out of the reach of his boisterous and carousing companions, grasped at the gentle, refined and sympathetic friendship of this brother and sister. The trinity would walk off across the fields and recline on the soft turf under a great spreading tree, reading aloud by turn from some good book ♫ Such meetings always ended by Byron reading to his friends any chance rhymes he had written since they last met.

¶ Mr. John Morley dates the birth of Byron's poetic genius from his meeting with Miss Chaworth, while Taine names Southwell as the pivotal point. Probably both are right.

But this we know, that it was the Pigots who induced Byron to collect his rhymes and have them printed. This was done at the neighboring town of Newark, when Byron was nineteen years old ♫ Possibly you have a few of these thin, poorly printed, crudely bound little books entitled "Juvenilia" around in the garret somewhere and, if so, it might be well enough to take care of them. Quaritch says they are worth a hundred pounds apiece, although in the poet's lifetime they

LORD
BYRON

LORD were dear at sixpence. ¶ **Byron** sent copies to all the **BYRON** leading literary men whom he knew, including Mackenzie, the man of feeling. Mackenzie replied, praising the work, and so did several others. All writers of note are favored with many such juvenilia, and usually there is a gracious electrotpe reply. A doubt exists as to whether Mackenzie ever read Byron's book, but we know that his letter of stock platitude fired Byron to do still better ♣ It is said that no flattery is too fulsome for a pretty woman—she inwardly congratulates the man on his subtle insight in discovering excellencies that she hardly knew existed ♣ This may be so and may not, but the logic holds when applied to fledgeling authors ♣ When it comes to praise he is quite willing to take your word for it.

Byron's spirits arose to an ecstasy—he would be a poet ♣ ♣

About this time we find Hydra, as Byron pleasantly called his mother, rushing to the village apothecary and warning that worthy not to sell poison to the poet; and a few moments after her leaving, the astonished apothecary was visited by the poet, who begged that no poison should be sold to his mother. Each thought the other was going to turn Lucretia Borgia, or play the last act of Romeo and Juliet, at least.

There were wild bursts of rage on the mother's part, stubborn mockery on the other, followed up once by a poker flung with almost fatal precision at the poet's curly head. ¶ Upon this he took flight to London and

Hydra followed, repentant and lachrymose ♣ A truce LORD
was patched up; they agreed to disagree and coldly BYRON
shaking hands, withdrew in opposite directions.

After this when the poet wrote he addressed his mother as "Dear Madam," and confined himself to business matters. Only rarely was there any flash in his letters, as when he said, "Dear Mother—you know you are a vixen, but save me some champagne." ♣ If Byron's mother had been of the stuff of which most mothers are made we would have found these two safely settled at Newstead, making the best of their battered fortune, with the son in time marrying some neighbor lass, and slipping into the place of a respectable English gentleman, a worthy member of the House of Lords.

But the boy, now grown twenty, had no home, and either was supplied too much money, or too little. He wasted his substance in London, economized in Southwell, sponged on friends and borrowed of Scrope Davis at Cambridge. When a remittance again came he explored the green-rooms, took lessons from Professor Johnson, the pugilist (referred to as "my corporeal pastor"), drank whole companies under the table, bought a tame bear and a wolf to guard the entrance of Newstead, and roamed the country as a gypsy in company with a girl dressed in boy's clothes, thus supplying Mr. Richard Le Gallienne an interesting chapter in his "Quest of the Golden Girl."

But all this time his brain was active, and another

LORD book of poetry had been printed, entitled "Hours of
BYRON Idleness." This book was gotten out, at his own expense, by the same country printer as the first.

Surely the verse must have had merit, or why should Lord Brougham, in the great "Edinburgh Review," go after it with a slashing, crashing, damning criticism? When Byron read the review, a bystander has told us he turned red, then livid green. He straightway ordered and drank two bottles of claret, said nothing, but looked like a man who had sent a challenge.

A challenge! that was exactly what Byron proposed. He would fight Jeffrey first, and then take up in turn every man who had ever contributed to the magazine—he would kill them all. And to that end he called for his pistols and went out to practice firing at ten paces. Wiser counsel prevailed and he decided to attack the enemy in their own citadel, and with their own weapons. He ordered ink, and began "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

It took time to get this enormous siege gun into position and find the range ♣ Finally, it was loaded with more kinds of missiles, in way of what Augustine Birrell has called literary stink-pots, than were ever rammed home in a single charge. It was an audacious move—to reverse the initiative and go after a whole race of critics, scribblers and reviewers, who had been badgering honest folks, and blow 'em into kingdom come ♣ ♣

But at the last moment Byron's heart failed him, his

wrath gave way to caution, and "English Bards and
Scotch Reviewers" appeared anonymously. **LORD
BYRON**

The edition was soon exhausted—the shot had at
least raised a mighty dust.

The author got his nerve back, fathered the book,
made corrections; and this edition, too, sold with a
rush. Byron returned to Newstead, invited a score of
his Cambridge cronies, who came down, entering the
mansion between the bear and the wolf and were re-
ceived with salvos of pistol shots ♣ Here they played
games over the spacious grounds, wrestled, boxed,
swam and at night feasted and drank deep damnation
out of a skull to all Scotch reviewers.

Probably the climax of this depravity was reached
when the young gentlemen began shooting the pend-
ants off the chandelier; then the servants hastily de-
camped and left the rogues to do their own cooking.
This brought them to their senses, sanity came back,
and the company disbanded. Then the servants, who
had watched the orgies from afar, returned and
found a week's pile of dishes unwashed
and a horse stabled in the library.



LORD
BYRON



WHEN Byron had reached the mature age of twenty-one, he was formally admitted to the House of Lords as a Peer of the realm. His titles and pedigree were so closely scanned on this occasion that he grew quite out of conceit with the noble company, and was seriously thinking of launching a dunciad in their direction. His good nature was especially ruffled by Lord Carlisle, his guardian, who refused to stand as his legal sponsor. The chief cause of the old Lord's prejudice against the young one lay in the fact that the young 'un had ridiculed the old 'un's literary pretensions. They were rivals in letters, with a very beautiful, natural and mutual disdain for each other. Lord Byron was not welcomed into the House of Lords: he simply pushed in the door because he had a right to. He thirsted for approbation, for distinction, for notoriety. His sensitive soul hung upon newspaper clippings with feverish expectations; and about all the attention he received was in the line of being damned by faint praise, or smothered with silence. Patriotism, as far as England was concerned, was not a part of Byron's composition.

When all Great Britain was execrating Napoleon, picturing him as a devil with horns and hoofs, Byron looked upon him as the world's hero.

In this frame of mind he went forth and borrowed a

goodly sum, and started out to view the world ♫ He LORD was accompanied by his friend, Hobhouse, and his BYRON valet, Fletcher.

It was a two years' trip, this jolly trio made—down along the coast of France, Spain, through the Straits of Gibraltar, lingering in queer old cities, mousing over historic spots, alternately living like princes or vagabonds. They frolicked, drank, made love to married women, courted maidens, fought, feasted and did all the foolish things that sophomores usually do when they have money and opportunity.

These months of travel supplied Byron enough in way of suggestion to keep him writing many moons ♫ His active imagination seized upon everything picturesque, peculiar, romantic, sentimental or tragic, and stored it up in those wondrous brain cells, to be used when the time was ripe.

The disciples of Munchausen, who delight in showing Byron's verse to be only biography, have found a rich field in that two years' travel ♫ One man really did a brilliant thing—in three volumes—recounting the conquering march of the poet, whom he depicts as a combination of Don Juan and Rob Roy.

The probabilities are that the real facts, not illumined by fancy, would be a tale with which to conjure sleep. Foreign travel is hard work ♫ It constitutes the final test of friendship, and to make the tour of Europe with a man and not hate him marks one or both of the parties as seraphic in quality. The best of travel is in

LORD looking back upon it from the dreamy quiet and rest of
BYRON home—laughing at the things that once rasped your nerves, and enjoying, through recollection, the scenes you only glanced at wearily.

Two instances of that trip—when Hobhouse threatened to desert the party and was dared to do so, and Byron slapped Fletcher's face and got himself well kicked in return—will suffice to show how Byron had the faculty of seizing trivial incidents, and by lifting them up and separating them from the mass, made them live as Art.

¶ At Athens the trio made a sudden resolve to be respectable, and practice economy ☞ To this end they hired rooms of a worthy widow, who accommodated travelers with a transient home for a moderate stipend. This widow had three daughters: the eldest, Theresa by name, lives in letters as the Maid of Athens, and the glory that came to her was achieved without any special danger to either her heart or the poet's ♣ The young woman, we know, assisted in the household affairs; and probably often dusted the mantel in the poet's room while he sat smoking with one foot on the table, making irrelevant remarks to her about this or that ♣ ♣

Suddenly he wrote a poem, "Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, O give me back my heart." * *

With the genuine literary thrift that marked all of Byron's career, he preserved a copy of the lines, and some years after recast them, touched them up a bit, included the stuff in a book—and there you are.

The other incident is that of Hobhouse recording in **LORD**
his journal the bare and barren fact that outside the **BYRON**
city wall in Persia they once saw two dogs gnawing a
human body. Byron saw the sight, but made no men-
tion of it at the time. He waited, the scene sealed up
in his brain cells. Years after he wrote thus:

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall,
Hold o'er the dead their carnival;
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.
From a Tartar's skull they stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunched on the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when the edge grew dull.

And this only proves that Hobhouse was not a poet
and Byron was. The poet is never content to state the
mere facts—facts are only valuable as suggestions for
poetry ❧ ❧

Travel often excites the spirit to the point of expres-
sion. Good travelers carry pads and pencils ❧ Byron
reached England with fragments of marbles, skulls,
pictures, shells, spears, guns, curios beyond count,
and much MSS. in process.

Upon arriving on the English coast the first news that
reached him was that his mother had just died ❧ He
hastened to Newstead and reached there in time to
attend the funeral, but refrained from following the
cortege to the grave because he could not master his
emotions. Their quarrels were at last ended.

LORD A diversion to his feelings came soon after, in the way
BYRON of a blunt letter from Tom Moore demanding if Lord Byron was the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Byron replied very stiffly that he was, but he really had intended no insult to Mr. Moore with whom he had not the honor of being acquainted. Furthermore, if Mr. Moore felt himself aggrieved, why, the author of "English Bards" was at his service to supply him such satisfaction as he required.

The irate Irishman accepted "the apology," a genial reply followed, and soon the poets met at the house of a friend and there began that life-long friendship, with the result that Moore wrote Byron's "Life" and used much needless whitewash.

While abroad Byron had gotten into shape for publication one piece of MS. This was "Hints from Horace," and the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Dallas, his business man, very soon after his arrival. Dallas read the poem and did not like it.

"Haven't you anything else?" asked Dallas.

"Oh, nothing but a few stanzas of Spenserian stuff," was the answer.

Dallas asked to see it, and there were placed in his hands rough drafts of the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold." This time Dallas was better suited, and to corroborate his judgment the matter was submitted to Murray, the publisher.

Murray thought the matter had more or less merit, and

arrangements were at once made for its publication. **LORD**
And so it came out, hammered into shape while in the **BYRON**
printer's hands.

"Childe Harold" was an instantaneous, brilliant success—a success beyond the publisher's or author's expectations. The book ran through seven editions in four weeks, and Lord Byron "became famous in a night." ❀ ❀

London society became Byron mad ❀ The poet was feted, courted, petted. He indulged in much innocent and costly dissipation, and some not so innocent.

Finally all this began to pall upon him. When twenty-six we find him making a bold stand for reform: he would get married and live a staid, sober, respectable life. His finances were reduced—all the money he had made out of his books had been given away, prompted by a foolish whim that no man should take pay for the product of his mind.

Now he would marry and "settle down;" and to marry a woman with an income would be no special disadvantage. To sell one's thoughts was abhorrent to the young man, but to marry for money was quite another thing. Morality depends upon your point of view.

¶ The paradox of things found expression when Byron the impressionable, Byron the irresistible, sat himself down and after chewing the end of his penholder, wrote a letter to Miss Milbanke, with whom he was only slightly acquainted, proposing marriage. The lady very properly declined. To be courted with a fresh-

LORD nibbed pen, and paper cut sonnet-size, instead of by a
BYRON live man, deserves rebuke. Men who propose by mail to a woman in the next town are either insincere, self-deceived, or else are of the sort whose pulse never goes above sixty-five, and therefore should be avoided. ¶ Byron was both insincere and self-deceived. He had grown to distrust the emotions of his heart, and so selected a wife with his head. He chose a woman with income, one who was strong, cool-headed, safe and sensible ♣ Miss Milbanke was the antithesis of his mother ♣ ♣

The lady declined—but that is nothing.

They were married within a year.

In another year the wife left her husband and went back to her mother, carrying in her arms a girl baby, only a few weeks old.

She never returned to her husband.

What the trouble was no one ever knew, although the gossips named a hundred and one reasons—running from drunkenness to homicide. But Byron, the world now knows, was no drunkard—he was at times convivial, but he had no fixed taste for strong drink ♣ He was, however, peevish, impulsive, impetuous and often very unreasonable.

Byron, be it said to his credit, brought no recriminating charges against his wife ♣ He only said their differences were inexplicable and unexplainable.

The simple facts were that they breathed a different atmosphere—their heads were in a different stratum.

His normal pulse was eighty; hers, sixty-five. ¶ What LORD do you think of a spiritual companionship where the BYRON wife demands, "How much longer are you going to follow this foolish habit of writing verses?"

They did not understand each other. ¶ Byron uttered words that no man should voice to a woman, and his outbursts were met with a forced calmness that was exasperating. The lady sat down, yawned wearily, and when there came a lull in the gentleman's verbal pyrotechnics, she would ask him if he had anything more to say.

One day she varied the program by packing up her effects and leaving him.

Of course, it is easy to say that had this woman been wise she would have stood the childish outbursts and endured the peevish tantrums, for the sake of the hours of tenderness and love that were sure to follow. By right treatment he would have been on his knees, begging forgiveness and crying it out with his head in her lap very shortly. But all this implies a woman of unusual power—extraordinary patience. ¶ And this woman was simply human. ¶ She left, and then in order to justify her action she gave reasons. ¶ Our actions are usually right, but our reasons for them seldom are. ¶

Mrs. Byron made no concealment of her troubles. Society had occasion for gossip and the occasion was improved. Stories of Byron's cruelty and inhumanity filled the coffee houses and drawing-rooms; and the

LORD hints at crimes so grave they could not even be men-
BYRON tioned gave the gossips their cue.

The press took it up, and the poet was warned by his friends not to appear at the theatre or upon the street for fear of the indignation of the mob. The spoilt child of London was receiving the penalty of popularity. The pendulum had swung too far and was now coming back ❦ ❦

Byron, hunted by creditors, hooted by enemies, broken in health, crushed in spirit, left the country—left England, never to return alive.

When Byron trod the deck of the good ship bound for Ostend, and saw a strip of tossing, blue water separating him from England, his spirits rose ❦ He was twenty-eight years old and the thought that he would yet do something and be somebody was strong in his heart. All the old pride came back.

The idea that he would not sell the product of his brain for hire was abandoned, and soon after arriving in Holland he began to write letters home, making sharp bargains with publishers.

Further than this, his attorneys, on his order, made demand for a share of his wife's estate. And ere long we find Byron, the wasteful, cultivating the good old gentlemanly habit of penuriousness. He was making money, and had he lived to be sixty it is probable he would have evolved into a conservative and written a book on "Getting on in the World, or Success as I Have Found It."

Byron's pilgrimage down through Germany, along the Rhine to Switzerland, was one of rest and recreation. At Berne, Basle, Lusanne and Geneva he found food for literary thought, and many instances in his writings show the reflected scenes he saw. No visitor at Lusanne fails to visit the Castle of Chillon and all the guides will recite you these sweeping lines, so encharged with feeling, beginning:

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its many waters meet and flow. * * *

At Geneva began the most interesting friendship between Byron and that other young man, so like and yet so unlike him.

Only a few years and Byron was to search the shores of the Mediterranean for Shelley's dead body and finding it, be one of the friends who reduced it to ashes. Tiring of Geneva and the tourists who pointed him out as a curiosity, we find Byron and his little party making their way across the Simplon, to cross which is an epoch in the life of any man, and then down by the Lago Maggiore to Milan. "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci did not impress Byron—the art of painting never did—this was his most marked limitation. From Milan they wandered down through Italy to Verona and Venice.

The third Canto of "Childe Harold," "Manfred," and dozens of shorter poems had been sent to Murray. England read and paid for all that Byron wrote, and

LORD accepted it all as autobiography. Possibly Byron's defiant manner lent an excuse for this. But by applying similar rules we could convict Sophocles, Schiller and Shelley of basest crimes, put Shakespeare in the dock for murder, Milton for blasphemy, Scott for forgery and Goethe for questionable financial deals with the devil. Byron's sins were as scarlet and the number not a few, but the moths that came just to flit about the flame were all of mature age ♣ Byron set no snares for the innocent, and in all of the man's misdoings, he himself it was who suffered most.

The Countess Guiccioli, it seems, was the only woman who comprehended his nature sufficiently to lead him in the direction of peace and poise ♠ With her, for the first time, he began to systematise his life on a basis of sanity. They lived together for five years, and from the time he met her until his death no other love came to separate them.

Throughout his life Byron was a man in revolt; and it was only a variation of the old passion for freedom that led him to Greece and to his grave. The personal bravery of the man was proven more than once in his life, and on the approach of death he was undismayed. When he passed away, April 19th, 1824, Stanhope wrote "England has lost her brightest genius—Greece her best friend."

His body was returned to England, denied burial in Westminster, and now rests in the old church at Hucknall, near Newstead.





JOSEPH ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON



Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die,
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

—Cato's Soliloquy.



EN are not punished for their sins, JOSEPH
but by them. ADDISON

Expression is necessary to life. The spirit grows through exercise of its faculties, just as a muscle grows strong through use. Life is expression and repression is stagnation—death.

Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man allows his life to run riot, and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore those qualities, not used, atrophy and die ❀ ❀

Sensuality, gluttony and the life of license repress the life of the spirit, and the soul never blossoms; and this is what it is to lose one's soul. All adown the centuries thinking men have noted these truths, and again and again we find individuals forsaking, in horror, the life of the senses and devoting themselves to the life of the spirit ❀ ❀

The question of expression through the spirit or through the senses—through the soul or the body—has been the pivotal point of all philosophies and the inspiration of all religions. Asceticism in our day finds an interesting manifestation in the Trappists who live on a mountain, nearly inaccessible, and deprive themselves of almost every vestige of bodily comfort; going without food for days, wearing uncomfortable gar-

JOSEPH ADDISON ments, suffering severe cold ☞ So here we find the extreme instance of men repressing the faculties of the body in order that the spirit may find ample time and opportunity for exercise.

Between this extreme repression and the license of the sensualist lies the truth ☞ But just where, is the great question; and the desire of one person, who thinks he has discovered the norm, to compel all other men to stop there, has led to war and strife untold ☞ All law centers around this point—what shall men be allowed to do? ☞ And so we find statutes to punish “strolling play actors,” “players on fiddles,” “disturbers of the public conscience,” “persons who dance wantonly,” “blasphemers,” etc. In England there were in the year 1800, sixty-seven offenses punishable by death.

What expression is right and what is not is largely a matter of opinion. Instrumental music has been to some a rock of offense, exciting the spirit, through the sense of hearing, to wrong thoughts—through “the lascivious pleasing of a lute.” Others think dancing wicked, while a few allow square dances but condemn the waltz. Some sects allow pipe organ music, but draw the line at the violin; while others still employ a whole orchestra in their religious service. Some there may be who regard pictures as implements of idolatry, while the Hook and Eye Baptists look upon buttons as immoral. ☞ Strange evolutions are often witnessed within the life of one individual, as to what is right and wrong. For instance, Leo Tolstoi, that great and good man, once

a worldling, has now turned ascetic, a not unusual evolution in the lives of the saints. Not caring for harmony as expressed in color, form and sounds, Tolstoi is now quite willing to deprive all others of these things which minister to their well-being ♪ There is in most souls a hunger for beauty, just as there is a physical hunger ☹ Beauty speaks to their spirits through the senses; but Tolstoi would have his house barren to the verge of hardship, and he advocates that all other houses should be likewise ♪ My veneration for Count Tolstoi is profound, but I mention him here simply to show the danger that lies in allowing any man, even one of the best, to dictate to us what is right.

Most of the frightful cruelties inflicted on mankind during the past have arisen out of a difference of opinion arising through a difference in temperament ☹ The question is as live to-day as it was two thousand years ago—what expression is best? That is, what shall we do to be saved? ♪ And concrete absurdity consists in saying we must all do the same thing.

Whether the race will ever grow to a point where men will be willing to leave the matter of life-expression to the individual is a question. Most men are anxious to do what is best for themselves and least harmful for others. The average man now has intelligence enough! Utopia is not far off, if the self-appointed folk who govern us for a consideration, would only be willing to do unto others as they would be done by, and cease coveting things that belong to other people. War among

JOSEPH nations, and strife among individuals, is a result of the
ADDISON covetous spirit to possess either power or things, or
both. A little more patience, a little more charity for
all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with
less bowing down to the past, a brave looking
forward to the future, with more confidence
in ourselves, and more faith in our fel-
lows, and the race will be ripe for
a great burst of light and life.





JOSEPH ADDISON
ACAULAY has said that the Puritan did not condemn bear-baiting because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator. The Puritan regarded beauty as a pitfall and a snare: that which gave pleasure was a sin; he found his gratification in doing without things. Puritanism

was a violent oscillation of the pendulum of life to the other side. From the vanity, pretence, affectation, and sensualism of a Church and State bitten by corruption, we find the recoil in Puritanism.

Asceticism to the verge of hardship, frankness bordering on rudeness, and a stolidity that was impolite; or soft, luxurious hypocrisy in a moth-eaten society—which shall it be? And Joseph Addison comes upon the scene and by the sincerity, graciousness and gentle excellence of his life and work, says “Neither!”



JOSEPH
ADDISON



THE little village of Wiltshire is noted as the birthplace of Addison, who was the son of a clergyman, afterward the Dean of Lichfield. An erstwhile resident of Lichfield, Samuel Johnson by name, once said of Joseph Addison, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant

but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

For elegance, simplicity, insight, and a wit that is sharp but which never wounds, Addison has no rival, although over two hundred years have come and gone since he ceased to write.

Addison was a gentleman—the best example of a perfect gentleman that the history of English literature affords. And in letters it is much easier to find a genius than a gentleman. The field to-day is not at all overworked; and those who wish to cultivate the art of being gentlemen will find no fearsome competition. In fact, the chief reason for not engaging in this line is the discomfort of isolation, and lack of comradeship that one is sure to suffer. To be gentle, generous, kind; to win by few words; and to disarm criticism and prejudice through the potency of a gracious presence, is a fine art. Books on etiquette will not serve the end, nor studious attempts to smile at the proper time, nor zealous efforts to avoid jostling the whims of those

we meet; for to attempt to please is often to antagonize. JOSEPH
Q Sympathy, Knowledge and Poise seem the three ADDISON

ingredients most needed in forming the gentle man. I place these elements according to their value. No man is great who does not possess Sympathy plus, and the greatness of men can safely be gauged by their sympathies. Sympathy and imagination are twin sisters. Your heart must go out to all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the good, the bad, the wise, the foolish—you must be one with them all, else you can never comprehend them. Sympathy!—it is the touchstone to every secret, the key to all knowledge, the open sesame of all hearts ♣ Put yourself in the other man's place and then you will know why he thinks certain thoughts and does certain deeds ♣ Put yourself in his place and your blame will dissolve itself into pity, and your tears will wipe out the record of his misdeeds. The saviors of the world have simply been men with wondrous Sympathy.

But Knowledge must go with Sympathy, else the emotions will become maudlin and pity may be wasted on a poodle instead of a child; on a field-mouse instead of a human soul ♣ Knowledge in use is wisdom, and wisdom implies a sense of values—you know a big thing from a little one, a valuable fact from a trivial one ♣ Tragedy and comedy are simply questions of value: a little misfit in life makes us laugh, a great one is tragedy and cause for grief.

Poise is the strength of body and strength of mind to

JOSEPH ADDISON control your Sympathy and your Knowledge. Unless you control your emotions they run over and you stand in the slop. Sympathy must not run riot, or it is valueless and tokens weakness instead of strength. In every hospital for nervous disorders are to be found many instances of this loss of control ♣ The individual has Sympathy but not Poise, and therefore his life is worthless to himself and the world.

He symbols inefficiency, not helpfulness. Poise reveals itself more in voice than words; more in thought than action, more in atmosphere than conscious life. It is a spiritual quality, and is felt more than it is seen. It is not a matter of size, nor bodily attitude, nor attire, nor personal comeliness: it is a state of inward being, and of knowing your cause is just ♣ And so you see it is a great and profound subject after all, great in its ramifications, limitless in extent, implying the entire science of right living. I once met a man who was deformed in body and little more than a dwarf, but who had such Spiritual Gravity—such Poise—that to enter a room where he was, was to feel his presence and acknowledge his superiority. To allow Sympathy to waste itself on unworthy subjects is to deplete one's life forces. To conserve is the part of wisdom ♣ No great orator ever exerts himself to his fullest, and reserve is a necessary element in all good literature, as well as in everything else. Poise being the control of your Sympathy and Knowledge, implies the possession of these attributes, for without Sympathy and Knowledge you

have nothing to control but your physical body ♣ To JOSEPH
practice Poise as a mere gymnastic exercise, or a study ADDISON
in etiquette, is to be self-conscious, stiff, preposterous
and ridiculous ♣ Those who cut such fantastic tricks
before high heaven as make angels weep are men void
of Sympathy and Knowledge trying to cultivate Poise.
Their science is a mere matter of what to do with arms
and legs. Poise is a question of spirit controlling flesh,
heart controlling attitude. And so in the cultivation of
Poise it is well to begin quite a ways back. Let perfect
love cast out fear; get rid of all secrets; have nothing
in your heart to conceal; be gentle, generous, kind—
do not bother to forgive your enemies, it is better to
forget them, and cease conjuring them forth from your
inner consciousness. The idea that you have enemies
is egotism gone to seed ♣ Get Knowledge by coming
close to Nature, listening to her heart-beats, studying
her ways. And let your heart go out to humanity by a
desire to serve.

That man is greatest who best serves his kind. Sym-
pathy and Knowledge are for use—you acquire that you
may give out; you accumulate that you may bestow.
And as God has given you the sublime blessings of
Sympathy and Knowledge, there will come to you the
wish to reveal your gratitude by giving them out again,
for the wise man knows that we retain spiritual quali-
ties only as we give them away. Let your light shine.
To him that hath shall be given. The exercise of wis-
dom brings wisdom; and at the last the infinitesimal

JOSEPH quantity of man's knowledge, compared with the In-
ADDISON finite, and the meagreness of man's Sympathy when
compared with the source from which ours is absorbed,
will evolve an abnegation and a humility that will
lend a perfect Poise. The Gentleman is a man
with Sympathy, Knowledge and Poise;
and as I sit here in this quiet corner,
Joseph Addison seems to me to fit
the requirements a little
better than any other
name I can recall.





JOSEPH ADDISON
ORN into a family where economy was a necessity, yet Addison had every advantage that good breeding and thorough tutorship could give.

At Charterhouse School he won the affection of his teachers by his earnest wish to comply. The receptive spirit and the desire to please were his by inheritance. When fifteen he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where within a year, his beauty, good nature and intelligence made his presence felt ❧ ❧

In another year he was elected a scholar at Magdalen College, his recommendation being his skill in Latin versification.

It was the hope and expectation of his parents that he should become a clergyman and follow in his father's footsteps ❧ This also seems the bent of the young man's mind ❧ But the grace of his personality, his obliging disposition, with a sort of furtive ability to peer into a millstone as far as any, had attracted the attention of several statesmen. One of these, Charles Montague, afterward Lord Halifax, remarked, "I am a friend of the Church, but I propose to do it the injury of keeping Addison out of it."

Montague discussed the matter with Lord Somers, and these two concluded that just a trifle more maturity of that gently ironical mind, a little more seasoning of

JOSEPH the gracious personality, and the State would have in
ADDISON Joseph Addison a servant of untold value.

Thus we see that England's policy of selecting and training men for the consular and diplomatic service is no new thing. It is a wonder that America has not ere this profited by the example. The tradition holds that we must have a scholar and a gentleman for the Court of St. James, at least, and several times we have been put to straits to find the man. The only way is to breed them and then bring them up in the way they should go ❧ ❧

But beyond the zealous desire of Montague and Lord Somers to educate good men for the diplomatic service, lurked the still more eager wish to secure able writers to plead and defend the party cause. With this phase of the question America is more familiar; the policy of rewarding able speakers and ready writers with offices ready-made or made-to-order has come to us ably backed by precedent untold.

Addison set himself to literary tasks, but still regarded himself as a scholar. Leisure fitted his temperament—he was never in haste, even when he was in a hurry, and he carried with him the air of having all the time there was. Nothing is so ungraceful as haste. Addison always had time to listen; and we make friends, not by explaining things to other folks, but by allowing others to explain to us.

The habit of attentive, sympathetic listening came to Addison early in life ❧ From his twenty-first to his

twenty-seventh year he lived a studious life—idle, his father called it—writing essays, political pamphlets and Latin verse. His political friends took care that some of the output was purchased, and by which he was secured a comfortable living; but his success was not sufficient to inflate his cosmos with an undue amount of ego. JOSEPH ADDISON

One small book of criticism which he produced about this time was entitled "Account of the English Poets." A significant feature of the work is that Shakespeare is not mentioned, even once, while Dryden is placed as the standard of excellence, just as in "Modern Painters," Ruskin takes Turner and lets him stand for one hundred, and all other artists grade down from this. Addison merely reflected the taste of his time. Shakespeare was not thought any more of two hundred years ago than we think of him now, with this difference—that he is the author we now talk about and seldom read, but then they did not discuss him any more than we now go to see him played.

An interesting character by the name of Jacob Tonson appears upon the scene, as a friend of Addison in his early days. Tonson enjoyed the distinction of being the father of the modern publishing business—the first man to bring out the works of authors at his own risk and then sell the product to book-stores. I believe it is Mr. Le Galliene who has been so unkind as to speak of "Barabbas Tonson." Among Tonson's many good strokes was his act in buying the copyright of "Para-

JOSEPH Addison's "Lost" from Simmons, the bookseller, who had purchased all rights in the MS. from the bereaved widow on a payment of eight pounds.

Tonson appreciated good things in a literary way. He was on friendly terms with all the principle writers, and did much in bringing some shy writers to the front. Addison and Tonson laid great plans, few of which materialized, and some were carried out by other people—notably the compilation of an English Dictionary. In 1699 we find Addison, in possession of a pension of three hundred pounds a year, crossing the Channel into France with the object "to travel and qualify himself to serve His Majesty."

The diplomatic language of the world was French. With intent to learn the language, Addison made his home with a modest French family; and a better way of acquiring a language than this has never been devised. ✱ A young friend of mine, however, recently returned from Europe, tells me that the ideal plan is to make love to a vivacious French girl who cannot speak English. ✱ Of the excellence of this plan I know nothing—it may be a mere barren ideality.

A little over a year in France and we are told that "Addison spoke the language like a native"—a glib expression, still able-bodied, that means little or much. From France Addison followed down into Italy, and spent a year there, residing in various small towns with the same object in view that took him to France. And one of his admirers relates that "he learned to

JOSEPH
ADDISON

speak Italian perfectly, his pronunciation being marred only by a slight French accent." Addison's three years of foreign travel, and the friendly society of the highest and best wherever he journeyed, had caused him to blossom out into a most exceptional man. Nature had done much for him, but her best gift was the hospitable mind. Travel to many young men is the opportunity to indulge in a line of conduct not possible at home. But Addison ripening slowly, appreciated the fact that the Puritan has a deal of truth on his side. There is a manly abstinence that is most becoming, and to moderate one's desires and partake of the good things of earth sparingly is the best way to garner their benefit. No doubt, too, Addison's modesty and tendency to shyness saved him from many a danger. "Bashfulness is the tough husk in which genius ripens," says Emerson.

Thus do we find our man at thirty, strong, manly, gifted, handsome, chivalrous, proud, yet tender, sympathetic, knowing—ready to serve his country in whatsoever capacity he could serve it best. When lo! the death of the King cut off his pension, a new party came in, his influential friends were thrown out of power, and Addison's prospects wilted in a single night.



JOSEPH
ADDISON



THE fact is that Addison from his thirtieth to his fortieth year was little better than a denizen of Grub Street. Fortunately he was a bachelor with no one but himself to support, else actual hardship might have entered. Several flattering offers to act as tutor or companion to rich men's sons came his way, and were declined

in polite and gracious language; and once a suggestion that he wed a woman of wealth was tabled in a manner not quite so gracious ♣ In passing, it is well to state that all of Addison's relations with women seem to occupy a lofty plane of chivalry ♣ His respect for the good name of woman was profound, and whether any woman ever broke through that fine reserve and exquisite formality is a question ♣ He was intensely admired by women, of course, but it was from the other side of the drawing-room. He kept gush at bay and never tempted to indiscretion.

Addison's youth was past; he was creeping well into the thirties, and still with no prospects. He was out of money, with no profession, and no special reputation as a writer. The popular poets of the time were Sedley, Rochester, Buckingham and Dorset—and you never heard of them? ♣ Well, it only shows how a literary reputation is a shadow that fades in a night.

Addison had written his "Cato" several years before,

but no one had seen it. He carried the MS. about with **JOSEPH** him, as Goethe did his "Faust" for years, and added **ADDISON** to it, or erased, all according to the moods that came to him. And we have reason to believe that the sublime soliloquy in "Cato" was written by Addison when the blankness of his prospects and the blackness of the future had forced the question of self-destruction upon him ❀ ❀

"Cato" made a great mistake in committing suicide—he did the deed right on the eve of success—he should have waited. Addison waited.

At this time Lord Godolphin, who had the happiness to have a great race-horse named after him, occupied the chief place in the Ministry. Marlborough had just fought the battle of Blenheim, and it was Godolphin's wish to have the victory sung in adequate verse, for history's sake and for the sake of the political party. But he could not think of a poet who was equal to the task; so in his dilemma he called in Lord Halifax, who had a reputation for knowing good things in a literary way ❀ ❀

Lord Halifax was unfortunate in having his portrait transmitted by two poets who hated him thoroughly, each for the amply sufficient reason that he failed to confer the favors that were much desired. Swift calls Halifax "a would-be Mæcenas;" and Pope refers to him as "penurious, mean and chicken-hearted," satirizing him in the well-known character of Bufo.

Do not take the poets too seriously: all good men have

JOSEPH ADDISON had mud-balls thrown at them—sometimes bricks—and Halifax was not a bad man by any means. Let the poets make copy of their thwarted hopes.

In reply to Lord Godolphin's inquiries Halifax said he did indeed know the man who could celebrate the victory in verse, and in fact there was only one man in England who could do the task justice. He, however, refused to divulge his man's identity until a suitable reward for the poet was fixed upon.

Godolphin finally thought of an office in the Excise, worth three hundred pounds a year or more.

Halifax then stipulated that the negotiations must be carried on directly between the government and the poet, otherwise the poet's pride would rebel. Godolphin agreed to shield Halifax from all mention in the matter, and the name and address of Joseph Addison were then taken down.

Godolphin had never heard of Addison, but relying on Halifax, he sent Boyle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the address named, where Addison was found over a haberdasher's, up three flights, back. The account comes from Pope, who was the enemy of both Addison and Halifax, and can therefore be relied upon.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer broached the subject, was gently repulsed, the case was argued, and being put on the plane of duty the poet surrendered, and as a result we have Addison's poem "The Campaign." It was considered a great literary feat in its day, but like all things performed to order, comes tardy off. Only

work done in love, lives so. But Addison slid into the JOSEPH
Excise office, taking it as legal tender. This brought ADDISON
him into relationship with Godolphin, who one day
exclaimed, "I thought that man Addison was nothing
but a poet—I'm a rogue if he isn't really a great man!"
Lord Godolphin was needing a good man, a man of
address, polish, tact and education. And Addison was
selected to fill the office of Under-Secretary of State,
the place for which he had fitted himself and to which
he had aspired eight years before. Moral: be prepared.
¶ The party that called Addison was not the one to
which he was supposed to be attached, but his merits
were recognized, his help was needed, and so he was
sent for. It was a great compliment. But good men are
always needed—they were then and the demand is
greater now than ever before. ¶ The highest positions
are hard to fill—good men are scarce.

Addison's knowledge, his modesty, his willingness, his
caution, his grace of manner, fitted him exactly for the
position; and we have reason to believe that the salary
of one thousand pounds a year was very acceptable to
one in his situation.

In another year the Whigs had grown stronger; Halifax
was again a recognized power; and ere long we find
Addison entering Parliament. So great was his popu-
larity that he was elected from one district six times,
representing Malmesbury until his death.

It was stated by Congreve that Addison's habit of shy-
ness was an affectation. If so it was a good stroke, for

JOSEPH nothing is so becoming in a man known to be versatile
ADDISON and strong as a half embarrassment when in society. The Duke of Wellington's awkwardness in a drawing-room put all others at their ease. The eternal fitness of things demands that when greatness is in evidence some one should be embarrassed, and if the celebrity is "it," so much the better.

Personally, I feel sure that Addison's shyness was not feigned, for on the only occasion he ever attempted to speak extempore in Parliament he muffed the subject, forgot his theme, and sat down in confusion. With all his incisive thought and fine command of language, Addison could not think on his feet. And as if aware of his limitations, in one of the "Spectator" essays he said, with more or less truth, "The fluent orator, ready to speak on any topic, is never profound, and when once his thought is cold it will seldom repay examination—it was only a sky-rocket."





WITHOUT Addison's literary reputation, resting upon his essays published in the "Tatler" and "Spectator," it is very possible that we would now know about as much concerning him as we do about Sir John Hawkins. The "Tatler" and "Spectator" allowed him to express his best, and in

JOSEPH
ADDISON

his own way.

With the name of Addison is inseparably coupled that of Richard Steele. These men had a literary style which they held in partnership. The nearest approach to it in our time is the "Easy Chair" of George William Curtis. Curtis was once called by Lowell, with a goodly degree of justice, "our modern Addison."

Steele and Addison had been schoolmates at the Charter House, and friends for a lifetime. They were the same age within a year. Steele had been a soldier, and an adventurer, and his disposition was decidedly convivial. He was a clever writer, knowing the world of politics and society, but he lacked the spiritual and artistic qualities which Addison's moderate and studious life had fostered. But on simple themes, where the argument did not rise above the commonplace, Addison and Steele wrote exactly alike, just as all writers on the "Sun" used to write like Dana. Steele had filled the lowest office in the Ministry, the office of "Gazeteeer:" the duties of the office being to issue a newspaper

JOSEPH ADDISON giving the official news of the day. It was a licensed monopoly, and all infringers were severely punished. Steele, however, did not like the office, because the Powers demanded that all writing in the "Gazette" be very innocent and very insipid. ☞ "To publish a newspaper and say nothing is no easy task," said Steele. Had he lived in our day he could have seen the trick performed on every hand.

Finally the office of Gazetteer was abolished, and any man who wished might issue a "gazette," provided he kept within proper bounds. The result was a flight of small leaflet periodicals, quite like the Chap-Book Renaissance of 1895 and 1896, when over eleven hundred "brownie" and "chip-munk" magazines were started in America. ✱ Every man with two or three ideas and ten dollars capital started a magazine. Steele, teeming with thoughts demanding expression, at war with smug society, and possessing wit withal, started the "Tatler," to be issued three times a week, price one penny. ☞ Seizing upon a creation of Swift's "Isaac Bickerstaff," a character already known to the public was introduced as editor. ✱ Bickerstaff announced his assistants, and among others named as authority in Foreign Affairs a waiter at St. James Coffee House known as "Kidney." The spirit of rollicking freedom in the publication, with a touch of philosophy, and a dash of culture caught the public fancy at once. The "Tatler" was the theme in every coffee house, and in the drawing-rooms, as well. Those who understood it

laughed and passed it along to others who pretended they understood, and so it became the fad. Then the anonymity lent the charm of mystery—who could it be who was into all the secrets, and knew the world so thoroughly?

JOSEPH
ADDISON

Addison read each issue with surprise and amusement, but it was not until the fifth number that he located the author positively, by reading an observation of his own that he had voiced to Steele some weeks before. Steele absorbed everything, digested it, and gave the good out as his own, innocent and probably unmindful of where he got it. This accounts for his wonderful versatility: he made others grub and used the net result. ¶ Some years ago Mr. Francis Wilson made a mock complaint to the effect that whenever he met Eugene Field in the "Saints and Sinners Corner" for a half hour's chat, any good thing he might voice was duly printed next day in the "Sharps and Flats" column as Field's very own, and thus did the genial Eugene acquire his reputation as a genius. All of which gentle gibing contains more fact than fiction.

When Addison saw his bright thoughts appearing in the "Tatler," he went to Steele and said, "Here, I'll write that out myself and save you the trouble." Steele welcomed him with open arms ♣ The first "Tatler" article written by Addison relates to the distress of news-writers at the prospect of peace. This is exactly in Steele's style; but we find ere long in the "Tatler" a spiritual quality that was not a part of Steele's nature.

JOSEPH ADDISON From current gossip, and easy society commonplace the tone is exalted, and this we know was the result of Addison's influence. Out of two hundred and seventy-one articles in the "Tatler," one hundred and eighty-eight were produced by Steele and forty-two by Addison. Yet Steele was wise enough to perceive the superior quality of Addison's work, and this dictated the key in which the magazine was pitched. Yet the fertility of Steele surpassed that of Addison. Steele initiated the crusade against gambling, dueling and vice; and this was all very natural, for he simply inveighed against sins with which experience had made him familiar. His moral essays were all written in periods of repentance. His sharp tirades on dueling in one instance approached the point of personality, and on being criticised, he resented the interference and expressed a willingness to fight his man with pistols at ten paces. It must not be forgotten that Richard Steele was an Irishman.

The political tone of the "Tatler" favored the Marlborough administration, and on this account Steele was rewarded by a snug office under the wing of the state. In 1710, the Whig Ministry fell, but Lord Harley knew the value of Steele as a writer, and so notified him that he would not be disturbed in possession of his Stamp Office.

Now a complete silence concerning things political in the "Tatler" was hardly possible, and a change of front would be humiliating, and whether to give up the

"Tatler" or the office—that was the question! Addison JOSEPH
was in the same box ♣ The offices they held brought ADDISON
them in twice as much money as the little periodical,
and either the patronage or the paper would have to
go. They decided to abandon the "Tatler."

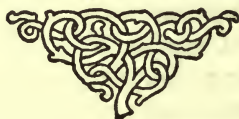
But the habit of writing sticks to a man; and after two
months Steele and Addison began to feel the necessity
of some outlet for their pent-up thoughts ♣ They had
each grown with their work, and were aware of it.
They would start a new paper, and make it a daily;
and they would keep clear of politics. So we find the
"Spectator" duly launched with the intended purpose
of forming "a rational standard of conduct in morals,
manners, art and literature."

Every good thing has its prototype, and Addison in
Italy had become familiar with the force of "Manners"
by Casa, and the "Courtier" by Castiglione. Then he
knew the character of La Bruyere, and this gave the
cue for the Spectator Club with Sir Roger de Coverley,
Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, Captain Sentry
and the Templar.

Swift had contributed several papers to the "Tatler,"
but he found the "Spectator" too soft and feminine
for his fancy. Probably Steele and Addison were afraid
of the doughty Dean's style; there was too much vit-
riol in it for popularity—and they kept the Irish parson
at a distance, as certain letters to "Stella" seem to
indicate ♣ ♣

The "Spectator" was a notable success from the start

JOSEPH and soon put Steele and Addison into comfortable
ADDISON financial shape ☛ After the first year the daily issue
amounted to fourteen thousand copies ☛ Addison
introduced the "Answers to Correspondents" scheme.
He has had many imitators along this line, some of
whom yet endure, but they are not Addisons.
An imitation of the "Spectator" was started as a daily
in New York in 1898. In one week it ran short on phos-
phorus and was obliged to quit ☛ It took two
years for Steele and Addison to write them-
selves out, and rather than let the quality
of the periodical decline they discon-
tinued its publication, quitting like
the wise men they were at the
height of their success.





WHEN Addison's tragedy of "Cato" **JOSEPH**
was produced in 1713, he occupied **ADDISON**

the first place in English letters. The play was a dazzling success; and it is a great play yet. It lives as literature among the best things men have ever done—a masterpiece!

Addison still continued in the service of the State, and wrote more or less in a political way. The strain of carrying on the "Spectator" and the stress of political affairs had tired the man. The spring had gone out of his intellect, and he began to talk of some quiet retreat in the country. In 1716, in his forty-fourth year, he married the Countess of Warwick, a widow of fifteen years standing. We have reason to believe that the worthy widow did the courting and literally took our good man captive. He was depressed and worn, and longed for rest and gentle, sympathetic companionship. She promised all these—the buxom creature—and married him, taking him to her home at Holland House. Yes it would be unjust to blame her; doubtless she wished to do for the man what was best; and so report has it that she exercised a discipline over his hours of work and recreation and curtailed a little there and issued orders here, until the poor patient rebelled and fled to the coffee-houses. There he found the rollicking society that he so despised—and loved, for there was comradeship in it, and comradeship

JOSEPH was what he prayed for. His wife did not comprehend
ADDISON that delicate, spiritual quality of his heart : that craving
for sympathy which came after he had given out so
much ♣ He wanted peace, quiet and rest ; but she
wished to take him forth and exhibit him to the
throng ♣ Yet all of her admonitions that he “brace
up” were in vain ♣ His work was done. He foresaw
the end, and grew impatient that it did not come.

Placid, resigned, sane to the last hour, he
passed away at Holland House, June 17th,
1719, aged forty-seven ♣ His body,
lying in state, was viewed by more
than ten thousand people, and
then it was laid to rest in
Poet's Corner, West-
minster Abbey.







ROBERT SOUTHEY

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Let no man write

Thy epitaph, Emmett; thou shalt not go
Without thy funeral strain! O young and good,
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go
Unhonored or unsung. And better thus
Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,
Better to fall, than to have lived to mourn,
As sure thou wouldst, in misery and remorse,
Thine own disastrous triumph * * * *
How happier thus, in that heroic mood
That takes away the sting of death, to die,
By all the good and all the wise forgiven!
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good
To be remembered, mourned, and honored still!

—Southey to Robert Emmett.



OST generally, when I travel, I go ROBERT
alone—this to insure being in good SOUTHHEY
company. To travel with another
is a terrible risk: it puts a great
strain on the affections.

I once made the tour of Scotland
with a man who was traveling for
his health. He had kidney trouble
belief. I had known the man in a
casual way for several years, and we started out the
best of friends, anticipating a good time ♫ We were
gone three weeks, and when we got back I hated the
fellow thoroughly, and I have every reason to believe
that he fully reciprocated the sentiment.

And yet he was an honest man, and I am, too, although
not an extremist. There was nothing to quarrel about;
it began at Euston Station, where I bought third-class
tickets ♫ He said he preferred to ride first-class, or
second, at least—there was such a thing as false
economy ♫ ♫

I asked him why he had not said something along this
line before I had purchased the tickets.

He retorted that I had not consulted his preference in
the matter. I brought in a mild rejoinder by moving
the previous question, and showing that he, himself,
had proposed that I should take entire charge of
arrangements, using my own good judgment at all
times ♫ ♫

He said something about his error in supposing he

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

was traveling with a discerning person. Just then the guard came along, slamming the doors, and we were pushed into a third-class carriage, where we enjoyed an all-day journey together.

At Edinburgh my companion wished to ascend the Scott monument, visit a friend at the University, and buy a plaid rug at one of the shops in Princess Street; while I proposed to look up the footprints of Bobbie Burns and John Knox. He said, "Confound John Knox!" I answered, "You evidently think I am referring to Knox the Hatter!" He grew mad as a hatter, and I had to defend John Knox, and later had to do the same for Rab and his friends, and Christopher North.

And so it went—he pooh-poohed my heroes; and I scorned the friend he wished to find at the University, smiled patronizingly on the Scott monument, and said, "hoot mon" at the idea of buying a plaid rug in Princess Street.

All this was many years ago; since then I have been very cautious about entering into any Anglo-American alliances. Yet to travel alone often seems to be dropping something out of your life. When the voyage is rough, the weather bad and the fare below par, my spirits always rise. I say to myself, "My son, this is certainly tough—but who cares! we can stand it, we have had this way right along year after year—but just imagine your plight if there were some one in your charge expecting a good time!"

Then I drink to Boreas and all the fiends of Gehenna,

and am supremely content. ¶ But suppose the night is resplendent with stars, the waves tremulous with reflected beauty, and as the great ship goes gliding across the deep—proud, strong and tireless—there come to you thoughts sublime and emotions such as Wagner knew when he wrote the “Pilgrims Chorus.”

¶ But you are not happy, simply because you want to tell some one how happy you are. What is the star-light for, save to call some one’s attention to, or the phosphorescent sheen except to be pointed out and enjoyed by two? Exquisite beauty, as revealed in music, painting, sculpture or beautiful scenery affects me to tears; and there always comes creeping into my life a profound sadness, a dread homesickness, to think that in this wealth of peace and joy I am alone —alone ☪ ☪

Can you stand by yourself on a hillside and look across a beautiful little lake to the woods beyond; or walk through a pine forest, where the needles sink as a carpet beneath your feet, and the air is full of the pungent odor of the pine, and the gently swaying tree-tops overhead croon you a lullaby—can you enjoy all this without an exquisite melancholy, and a joy that hurts, piercing your soul? ☪ It’s homesickness, that’s all; you want to go home and tell some one how happy you are ☪ Give me solitude, sweet solitude, but in my solitude give me still one friend to whom I may murmur, solitude is sweet.



HAT about the sea and the forest, the wooded hillside and the little lake may not be the exact words, but the thought is there just as White Pigeon expressed it to me that evening when we sat on the mossy bank of the lake at Grasmere and threw pebbles into the water.

I had come up from Liverpool to Bowness, walked over to Ambleside and along the lake to Grasmere. My luggage consisted of a comb, a tooth-brush and a stout second-growth East Aurora hickory stick.

At Grasmere I applied at the Red Lion Inn for supper and lodging. The landlady looked at my dusty, rusty corduroys, paused, coughed and asked where my luggage was. Wishing to be honest, I displayed the luggage aforementioned. She did not smile. She was a large person, sober, sedate, sincere and also serious, with a big bunch of keys dangling from a waist that once was Grecian. And she told me right there that if I wanted accommodations I would have to pay in advance. I demurred, pleaded and finally explained that I had lost my money and had sent home to New York for a remittance. I was a remittance man ☞ Had this been true, it were sad, yet I had a hundred pounds sterling in my belt, but it just came to me to see how it would feel to be penniless and friendless and plead for

charity. It is not hard to plead for charity when one has a pocket full of money.

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

So I pleaded. But it was of no avail.

I requested a drink of water. This was denied. Then I asked if I could wash in the lake; and this favor was granted, and the advice volunteered that it would be a good thing to do. And further the kind lady made a motion toward a dangling red tassel that hung from a rope, and suggested that I get me to a gunnery and quickly, too, otherwise she would have to call the porter ☞ ☞

I felt to see that my money was all right—to assure myself it was no jest in earnest—and departed. Being singularly psychic to suggestion I followed the thought that I wash in the lake, and started in that direction, along a foot-path that led across a meadow, over a stile. A thick growth of bushes lined the lake for a ways, and then the foot-path seemed to follow right through the undergrowth. I pushed the green branches aside, and continued along for about a hundred feet, when I stood on the green, grass-covered bank of the beautiful “Windermere.” Daffodils lined the water’s edge,—the daffodils of Wordsworth—down the lake were the white wings of several sail boats; the sun had gone down, but his long rays of gold still pierced the sky, while across the water arose, silent and majestic, the dark purple hills.

It was a beautiful sight—so full of quiet and peace and rest. I stood with hat in hand, the evening breeze fan-

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

ning my face, enjoying the scene. Just then there was a little splash in the water, and looking down I saw a woman with back toward me sitting on a bowlder, tossing pebbles into the lake. By the side of the woman were her hat and book. I was on the point of softly backing out through the bushes, when it came to me that I had seen that head with its big coil of brown hair somewhere else—but where, ah, where!

Why, in Paris, two years before. It was White Pigeon. She had not seen me. I retraced my steps, and then came crashing through the juniper, straight over to the bankside, where I sat down about twenty feet from the good lady. I was whistling violently and throwing pebbles into the water, not even glancing toward her. She let me whistle for a full minute and then said, gently, "Do not be absurd! I know you." Then we both laughed, and I, of course, did the regulation thing, and asked, "When did you arrive, and where are you going, and how do you like it?"

"You see what I am doing here, and as for when I arrived and how long I'll stay, and how I like it—what difference is it? There, you are suprised to see me, are n't you? I thought you had gotten past being surprised at anything, long ago—only silly people are surprised—you once said it, yourself!"

Then White Pigeon ceased to speak and we simply gazed into each other's eyes. White Pigeon has grey eyes that sometimes are blue and sometimes amber—it all depends upon her mood and the thoughts reflected

there. The long, sober gaze stole off into a half smile and she said, "You got things awfully mixed up in that Rosa Bonheur booklet—why not stick to truth?" ROBERT SOUTHEY

"Truth," I replied, "is hideous, and facts are like some men, stubborn things. But what was the matter with the Bonheur Little Journey?"

"You will not be angry with me?"

"How could I be?"

"You promise?"

"Yes."

"Well, you said my cousin was a conductor on the Lake Shore—you knew perfectly well it was the Michigan Central!"

I apologized.

It had been two years since I had seen this woman and not a letter had passed between us. I had sent her a book now and then, and she had sent me a sketch or two.

White Pigeon knows nothing about me, and never asked concerning my history, which is a blank, my lord! Does the lily inquire of the humming bird, "Hast hummed and fluttered about other flowers?"

That is a charming friendship that asks nothing, makes no demands, needs no assurances, never falters, and is so frank that it disarms prudery and pretense.

I said as much.

White Pigeon made no answer, but flung a pebble into the lake.

And all I know of White Pigeon is that she was born

ROBERT in White Pigeon, Michigan, and left there ten years
SOUTHEY before to study art for a short time in Paris.

The short time extended to ten years.

White Pigeon does not call herself an artist—she only copies pictures in the Louvre and gives lessons. "Not being able to paint, I give lessons," she once said to me. The first pictures she copied were sold to kind gentlemen who make many wagons at South Bend, Indiana; other pictures went to men who have interests at Ivorydale; and some have gone to the mill owner at Ypsilanti, for the mill owner is interested in art, as all patrons of the "Hum Journal" know.

White Pigeon lived at Paris because one must live somewhere, and rich Americans sometimes send her their daughters to "finish." That was what took her over to the Lake District—she was traveling with two young women from Grand Rapids. And so these three women were doing Great Britain, and White Pigeon was acting as courier, chaperone and instructor.

"I need 'finish'," I suggested in one of the long pauses.

"I was just going to suggest it," said the lady.

"You say you are going to Southey's old home to-morrow—may I go, too?" I ventured.

And the answer was "Of course—if you will promise not to work me up into copy."

I promised.

I found lodgings that night at "Nab Cottage." Being well recommended, the landlady did not hesitate, but gave me the best accommodations her house afforded.

Hartley Coleridge does not live at "Nab Cottage" now —a moss-covered slab marks his resting place up at the Grasmere Churchyard, and only a step away in a very straight row are similar old head-stones that token the graves of William, Dorothy and Mary Wordsworth. Hartley Coleridge had most of the weaknesses of his father and only a few of his better traits. Yet Southey brought up the children of Coleridge and gave them just as good advantages as he did his own.

"It is not 'advantages' that make great men—it is disadvantages!" said White Pigeon. We were eating breakfast at the table set out under the arbor, back of the Coleridge cottage—Grace, Myrtle, White Pigeon and I ☛ ☛

Grace and Myrtle were the Grand Rapids girls, and fine girls, too—pink and twenty, with diaries and autograph fans. Girls of that age are charming, but they only interest me as do beautiful kittens or colts. Women do not become wise or discreet until they are past thirty. White Pigeon was past thirty.

We took the stage that morning at nine o'clock for Keswick. The stage started from the Red Lion Inn. It is a great event—the starting of a four-horse stage. The guests came out, and so did the boots, and chambermaids and waiters, and the cook came also. They stood in line and bade the parting guests God-speed, and all the guests were supposed to express gratitude tangibly. The landlady was busy, flying about like a Plymouth Rock hen with a brood of ducks. She saw me handing

ROBERT up the pink and white Grace and Myrtle and the dig-
SOUTHEY nified, tailor-made White Pigeon, and she came out
and apologized profusely for not having had room to
accommodate me the night before.

At last all the hat boxes and bloomin' luggage were
safely stowed, the trunks were lashed in place be-
hind, and I climbed to the top of the stage and took my
seat beside my charges. A merry blast was blown from
the tally-ho horn. A man with a red coat, high white
hat, kid gloves and a brick-dust complexion mounted
the box and gathered up a big handful of reins. The
hostlers at the heads of the leaders let go, twenty
feet of whip-lash went singing through the air—and
we were off!

We swung through the village with more majesty and
clatter than the Empire State Express ever assumed,
stopping just an instant at the post-office for a bag of
mail that the brick-dusty driver caught with his feet,
and then away we went.

I am sorry I did not live in stage-coach times—things
are now so dead and dreary and prosaic. Yet I some-
times have imagined that to-day the stage-coach bus-
iness in England is a little stagey—many things are
done to heighten effects. For instance, the intense ex-
citement of starting is not exactly necessary—why the
mad rush? No one is really in a hurry to reach a cer-
tain place at a certain time! And all this is apparent
when you notice that a mile out of town the pace sub-
sides to a lazy dog trot, and the boots has jumped

down and unchecked each horse so to make things easy. I was glad the boots got down, for whenever I see a horse's head checked up in the air my impulse is to uncheck him—and once on Wabash Avenue in Chicago I did. I was arrested, and it cost me five. ROBERT
SOUTHEY

The road to Keswick bristles with history. Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey tramped it many a time, and since their day, thousands of literary pilgrims have come this way. That two poets laureate should have come from this beautiful corner of the earth of course is interesting, but the honor of being poet laureate to the King is a shifting honor, depending upon the poet. No title can ever really honor a man, although a man may honor a title, and no King by taking thought can add a cubit to a subject's stature. The man is what he is. Southey succeeded the poet Pye, who was laureate before him. A weaker nature than mine might here succumb to temptation and play pleasant philological pranks concerning the poet Pye, but I am above all that. Pye was a good man, and if I could remember any of the lines he wrote, I would here introduce them; but this is doubtless unnecessary, for the gentle reader can recall to suit.

So White Pigeon claimed that Pye was greater than Southey, and she further said that Tennyson's reputation suffered by consenting to act as successor to this line of men in whom felicity and insight were the exception. The tierce of Canary was no pay for acting as successor to Pye, but Southey jumped at the Canary

ROBERT and slipped his last vestige of radicalism quickly 30
SOUTHEY "Oh, what a funny little church," exclaimed Myrtle,
"can't we stop and go in?"

It is a curious little building—that church at Wythburn. ¶ It looks like a little girl's playhouse, that might have belonged to her great-great-grandmother.

Opposite this lovely little church is a tavern, where a lovely barmaid in white apron and lovely collar and cuffs stood in the doorway, ready to serve the thirsty. The red-coated driver pulled in on the tavern side, and men in neckerchiefs, hob-nailed shoes, blue woolen stockings and knee breeches made fussy haste to water the horses. Old Brick-Dusty climbed down to see a man in the tavern, and the Michigan contingent and Col. Littlejourneys slid down the other side and went into Wythburn Church. There is n't another church in England so peculiar and so interesting. A pew is marked sacred to Wordsworth, and one also to Harriet Martineau, who I did not know before ever went to church. The silver service was the gift of Southey, and is inscribed with his name and crest. Southey was a vestryman of Wythburn Church for many years, and sometimes read the service there. I stood in the pulpit where Southey stood, and so did White Pigeon, and I reminded her that she would never be allowed there on Sunday, for Deity is most easily approached and influenced by men, as all theologians know and have ever stoutly held. One of the busy hostlers came in, pulling his forelock, and apologizing, in a voice full

of cobwebs, said that the coach was ready to start. **ROBERT SOUTHHEY**
We did the proper thing, and also did as much for the red-coated driver, who in spite of great dignity, we saw was open to reward for well-doing. It was a great mistake, though, to "cross his palm," for he began a lecture on the Cumberland Kings, that lasted until we got to Thirlmere, where he stopped at the Pumping Station and told us how the city of Manchester got its water supply from here. To him all things were equally interesting. He was still deep in the fight between Manchester aldermen and the 'Ouse of Commons when we reached Castle Rigg. The Vale of Keswick opened before us. We implored the well-informed driver to stop, and then we got down and begged him to go on without us.

Seated there on the bankside we viewed the beautiful scene of lake, valley and village stretching out so peacefully before us, all framed in the dark towering hills. Even Grace forgot to say "How lovely!" but sat there, chin in hand, rapt and speechless.

Down in that valley, just a little to one side of the village, Southey lived for over forty years, and all the visitors he really liked he took to Castle Rigg, to show them as he said, "the kingdoms of the earth." It was a view of which he never tired. Coleridge came up this way first, and took lodgings with a Mr. Johnson who owned Greta Hall. It is not on record that Coleridge paid any rent, but he was so charmed with the location that he induced Southey to come and visit him. Southey

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

came and liked it so well that he remained 30. He performed here a life-task that staggers one to contemplate: fifty volumes or more of closely set type are shown you at the Keswick Museum, duly labeled "The Works of Southey." Charles Lamb's "Works" were the East India ledgers, but he wrote one little book of Essays that is still sweet and fresh as wood violets—essays written hot from the heart, often in tears; written because he could not help it, or to please Mary, he did not know which.

No man ever divided his time up more systematically than Southey. He produced political and theological essays, histories, poems, diatribes, apologies and criticisms, and worked as men work in the Carnegie Consolidated Steel Works.

Robert Southey was the precocious son of a Bristol linen-draper. Being rather delicate, his parents did not set him to work in a dry-goods store, but gave him the benefit of Oxford. The thing that brought him first into prominence was an article he wrote for "The Flaggellant," a college paper, wherein he ridiculed the idea of a devil. Now the powers did not like that—the creed called for a "personal devil," and they wanted one. They summoned young Southey before them to account for speaking disrespectfully of the devil. The youth was found guilty and expelled.

He was a reckless young man, but recklessness is its own check—in fact all things in life are self-regulating, everything is limited. Southey's secret marriage with

Edith Fricker tamed him. Nothing tames men like marriage; and when babies came, and Coleridge went to Germany, leaving Mrs. Coleridge and young Hartley in his charge, Southey realized he was dealing with a condition, not a theory. Then soon he had the widowed Mrs. Lovell with her brood on his hands, and his old dream of pantisocracy was realized, only not just as he expected.

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

Too much cannot be said for the patience and unflinching fidelity shown by Southey in shouldering the burdens that fate sent him.

"Any man can succeed with three good women to help him!" said White Pigeon.

"True," said I, "and next in importance to the person who originates a good thing, is the one who quotes it." Men weighted with responsibilities fight for the established order. Southey's pension and his steady income came from the men in power, and he made it his business not to offend them. Southey was a scholar; he associated with educated people; and once he complained because he could not get acquainted with working men—they shut up like clams on his approach. Of course they did, for we are simple and sincere only with our own.

Learned, scholarly and cultured men are to be pitied, for they are ever the butt, byword and prey of the untaught, who are often the knowing. As success came to Southey he lost the sense of values, that is to say, the sense of humor. He attacked Byron with great

ROBERT severity, and Byron's reply was the dedication of Don
SOUTHEY Juan, "To the illustrious Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, LL.D." It was as if the play of "Sappho" were dedicated to Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

Southey came out with a card declaring he had given Lord Byron no permission to dedicate any of his detestable works to him. Byron replied, acknowledging all this, but saying he had a right to honor the name of Southey, if he chose, just the same. No taint of excess or folly marks the name of Southey; his life was filled with good work and kind deeds. His

name is honored by a monument in the village of Keswick and in Crosthwaite Church is another monument to his memory, the inscription being written by Wordsworth.





ERE Heaven a place, I still politely maintain, it would probably be located in the Lake District of England.

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

Every man of genius the world has ever produced has come from a little belt of land in the North Temperate zone ☛ Snow and cold, rock and mountain,

danger and difficulty— these are the conditions required to make men. The heaven of which I can conceive is a place with plenty of oxygen, sunshine and water. In a mountainous country water runs, (I hope no one will dispute this) and winds blow, and running water and air in motion are always pure ☛ When I have no thoughts worth recording I take a walk and the elements, which seem to carry soul, fill me to the brim.

The tropics may have much to offer in way of soft, luxurious creature comforts. But the tropics supply sundry and divers discomforts as well, and really offer too much; for with the flowers, vines, fruits and never ending foliage go mosquitoes, tarantulas, and snakes that wiggle and sometimes bite.

The climate of Cumberland does not overpower one—the air is of a quality that urges you on to think and do. ☛ By no reach of imagination can one conjure forth anything more beautiful in Nature than is to be realized in vicinity of Keswick; and no home thereabouts

ROBERT surpasses Greta Hall in charm of location and quiet,
SOUTHEY simple beauty.

Greta Hall is a rambling pile, constructed partly of stone and partly of wood, evolved rather than built, for evidently the work was done by many hands, and stretched over a century or more of time. Vines and flowers, fruits and shrubbery, stone walls covered close by creeping bellflowers where birds chirrup and cheep and play hide and seek the livelong day—all these are there. The house is situated on a little wooded plateau that overlooks the lake, and back of it the solemn and everlasting hills stand guard. There are no such mountains here as one sees in Switzerland, overpowering, vast, awful in their majesty; but just green-topped, self-sufficient and friendly hills that invite you to lift up your eyes and be strong.

Visitors are welcome to the grounds at Greta Hall at all times, and the kind old gardener who showed us about gathered us bouquets of mignonette, rue and thyme, and gave us the history of a wonderful pear tree that had turned into a vine and now covers one whole side of a stable thirty feet long. Even a tree will lose its individuality if it is not allowed to assert its nature and care for itself. That particular pear tree, we were told, sprang from a slip planted by Shelley when he once came here on a visit to Southey; and we were further told that the year Shelley was drowned, the leaves of this tree turned pale and withered, and only by patient, loving nursing on the part of our old gar-

dener's father was its life saved. The residence was closed the day we were there, in dread anticipation of Cook tourists with designs on the shrubbery, we had reason to believe, but we lingered around the grounds, listened to the soothing, rippling lullaby of the Greta, watched the strutting peacocks, and ate bread and milk, under the trees, out of big bowls supplied us by the old gardener for the most modest of considerations.

Southey never really mixed in the wealth of beauty that covers this beautiful corner of earth. He was learned and profound, and he took himself and the Church and the State seriously. He felt himself a part of an indestructible institution, whereas man and all his works are no more peculiar, no more wonderful than an ant hill—and last only a day longer. He never realized that he was a part of the great whole that made up mountain, lake, globe, wooded glen and tireless river. He differentiated. He considered himself a man, an educated man, and therefore a little better, and a little above, and a little outside of it all—otherwise how could he have withered at the top at the early age of sixty-seven?

This question White Pigeon asked as we sat in the dim quiet of Crosthwaite Church, down in the village. I did not attempt to reply—people do not ask questions expecting, necessarily, to have them answered. We ask questions in order to clarify our own minds.

ROBERT
SOUTHEY

ROBERT SOUTHY The warning blast of the coach horn was heard, and we went out into the sunshine. I bade my three friends good-bye (first placing my autograph on Grace's and Myrtle's fans), and they climbed to the top of the coach. I sat on the stone wall and watched them until they disappeared around the bend of the road, waving handkerchiefs. That night I made my way over to Penreith on the way to Carlisle. It had been a day brimming with thought and feeling, and beauty expressed and unexpressed, and the kindness of kind friends who understand. That night as I dozed off into deep, calm sleep I said to myself,
"They were great men, those Lake Poets,
and the world is better because they
lived. But there will come other
men and they will be greater
than those gone — the
best is yet to be."







SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE



Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the
Thrones of Frost, this through the absence of objects to reflect the
rays. What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own—we need
another to reflect our thoughts.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



**AMUEL TAYLOR COLE- SAMUEL T.
RIDGE was a thinker, and think- COLERIDGE**

ers are so rarely found that the world must take note of them. John Stuart Mill, writing in 1840, assigned first place among English philosophers to Jeremy Bentham, incidentally mentioning that Samuel Taylor Coleridge was Ben-

tham's only rival.

In philosophy there is an apostolic succession ☪ We build on the past, and all the centuries of turmoil and travail which have gone before have made this moment possible. There has never been any such thing as "the fall of man;" for the march of the race has been a continual climb—a movement onward and upward. Were it not for Coleridge and Bentham, we could not have had Buckle, Wallace and Spencer, for the minds of men would not have been prepared to give them a hearing. "Half the battle is in catching the Speaker's eye," said Mr. Thomas Brackett Reed; and a John-the-Baptist to prepare the way is always necessary. Without Coleridge to quietly ignore the question of precedent, and refuse to accept a thing without proof, and ask eternally and yet again, "How do you know?" Charles Darwin with his "Origin of Species" would have been laughed out of court. Or probably had Darwin been persistent we would have consigned him to the stocks, burned his book in the public square, and

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE with the aid of logical thumb-screws made him recant ☸ ☸

Even as it was, the gibes and guffaws of the press and pulpit came near drowning the modest, moderate voice of Darwin; and for a score of years his reputation as a scientist seemed to be trembling in the balance. Yet to-day the man who would seriously attempt in an educated assembly to throw obloquy upon the doctrine of Evolution and the name of Charles Darwin, would find himself speedily listed with Brudder Jasper of Richmond, Va. The church now, everywhere, has its Drummonds, who build on Darwin and use his citations as proof; and Drummond merely expressed what the many believe—no more.

The man who has dared to think for himself and voiced his thought—the emancipated man—has been as one in a million. What usually passes for thought is only the repetition of things we have heard or been told. We memorize, repeat by rote and call it thought.

With the Church and State in control of food and clothes, and with spears, clubs, knives and guns ready to suppress whatsoever seemed dangerous to their stability, it is a miracle that men have ever improved on anything—for progress has been for centuries a perilous performance. To question a priest was blasphemy. To reason with a judge was heinous. To think and decide for yourself was to invite torture and death. ¶ And all this was very natural, simply because the superior class who monopolized the good things of earth

were obliged, in order to enslave and tax men, to make them believe that their power was derived from God. **SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE**

And thus was taught the "divine right of kings," the duty of submission, the necessity of belief and the sinfulness of doubt. The source of all knowledge was declared to be a book, and the right of interpretation of this book was given to one class alone—those who sided with and were a part of the Superior Class.

The reason the race has progressed so slowly is because the strong, vigorous and independent have been suppressed, either by legal process, or exterminated through war, which reaps the best and lets the weak, the diseased and the cowards go.

Those who doubted and questioned have been deprived of food and clothes, disgraced, mobbed, robbed, lashed naked at the cart's tail, burned at the stake, or separated from their families and transported beyond the sea to be devoured by wild beasts, die in jungles, or toil out their lives in slavery.

But still there were always a few who would doubt and a few who would question; and in the early part of the Eighteenth Century in England the government was being put to severe straits to cope with the difficulty. Lying in the Thames were receiving ships on which were crowded men and women to be transported. When the ship was full, crowded to her utmost, she sailed away with her living cargo. From 1650 to 1750 over forty thousand people were sent away for their country's good. The hangman worked overtime, all

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE prisons were crowded, and the walls of Newgate bulged with men and women, old and young, who were believed to be dangerous to the stability and well being of the superior class—that is, those who had the right to tax others.

Finally, the enormity of bloodshed and woe involved caused a sort of concession on both sides to be agreed upon. Oppression continued will surely lead to a point where it cures itself, and the superior class in England, with a wise weather eye, saw the reef on which they were in danger of striking. They heard the breakers, and began to grant concessions—unwillingly of course—concessions wrung from them. The censorship was abolished, reform bills introduced, the rights of free speech and a free press were partially recognized. The clergy, taking the cue, began to preach more love and less damnation; for the pew ever dictates to the pulpit what it shall preach. Thus general relaxation was in order to meet the competition of rival sects and independent preachers that were springing up; for although creeds never change, yet their interpretation does, and liberal sects do their work, not by growing strong, but by making all others more liberal.

Thus the latter part of the Eighteenth Century witnessed a weakening of both sides through compromise. The schools and colleges were pedantic, smug and self-satisfied; by giving in a few points they had absorbed the radicals, and the political protesters had been bought off with snug places in the excise.

Pretended knowledge passed for wisdom, dignity SAMUEL T.
paraded as worth, affectation and hypocrisy patron- COLERIDGE
ized virtue ♣ And Coleridge appears upon the scene,
a conservative, with a beautiful innocence
and an indifference to all pretended
authority and asks, "How
do you know?"



SAMUEL T.
COLERIDGE



THE number of people who have written their names large in literature, who were the children of clergymen, is no mere coincidence. Tennyson, Addison, Goldsmith, Emerson, Lowell, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Coleridge—you can add to the list to suit. Young people follow example, and the habit of the

father in writing out his thoughts causes others of the family to try it, too ☞ Then there is an atmosphere of books in a rectory, and leisure to think, and best of all the income is not so great but that the practice of economy of time and money is duly enforced by necessity ☞ To be launched into a library and learn by absorption is a great blessing.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772, the son of Rev. John Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary, a small village of Devonshire. The rector was also a schoolmaster, just as all clergymen were before division of labor forced itself upon us. This worthy clergyman was twice married, his first wife bearing him three children, the second ten. Samuel was the last of the brood—the thirteenth—but his parents were not superstitious.

The youngest in a big family, like the first, is apt to have a deal of love lavished upon him. The question of discipline has proved its own futility, and when a baby comes to parents approaching fifty, depend upon it, that

child transforms the household into a monarchy with himself as tyrant. This may be well and it may not. Little Samuel Taylor seemed to be aware of his power; he evolved a wondrous precocity and ruled the rectory with a rod of iron. When he was five he propounded questions that shook the orthodoxy of the worthy vicar to its very center. **SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE**

Yet, remarkable as was the intellect of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the family would not have remained in obscurity without him. In fact, the very brightness of his fame caused the excellence of his brothers to be lost in the shadow. His brother James became the father of Henry Nelson Coleridge, who married his cousin Sara, the daughter of our poet.

To anticipate a little, it is well enough here to say that the daughter of Coleridge was a woman of remarkable excellence, and if you wish to disprove the adage that genius does not transmit itself she is a good example to bring up—even though there is a difference between fact and truth ☛ James Coleridge was also the father of Mr. Justice Coleridge, himself the father of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

And since iconoclasm is not out of place in an essay on Coleridge it can also be stated that when Sara Coleridge married her cousin she did a wise thing ☛ The marriage was a most happy one, and the children of these cousins have shown themselves to be beyond the average. And once, certainly not with his daughter in mind, Coleridge debated the question of consanguinity

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE with Charles Lamb, and proved to his own satisfaction at least that the marriage of cousins was eminently sane, proper, just and right, and fraught with the best results for humanity.

The only indictment that can be brought against the father of Coleridge is that he was a zealous Latin scholar, and proposed that the term "ablative" be abolished as insufficient, and in its stead should be used that of "quale-square-quiddative case." He was a simple, amiable, excellent man who did his work the best he could, and was beloved by all the parish. As to the excellence of the established order of things he had no doubts—government and religion were divine institutions and should be upheld by all honest men.

As to the vicar's wife we know little, but enough of a glance is given into her character through letters to show that she had in her make-up a trace of noble discontent. She was not entirely happy in her surroundings, and the amiable ways of her husband were often an exasperation to her, rather than a pleasure—even amiability can be overdone. He never saw more than a mile from home, but her eyes swept England from Cornwall to Scotland, and few men, even, saw so far as that a hundred years ago. The discontent of Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the heritage of mother to son. When Samuel was nine years of age the father passed away. The widow would have been in sore financial straits had it not been for the older children, and even as it was, strict economy and untiring industry were in

order. Out of sympathy, Mr. Justice Buller, who had been a pupil of the Rev. John Coleridge, proposed to secure the youngest boy a scholarship in Christ's Hospital School, and so we find him entered there July 18th, 1782. This was a year memorable in the history of America; and the alertness of the charity boy's intellect is shown in that he was aware of the struggle between England and the Colonies. He discussed the situation with his schoolfellows, and explained that the mother country had made a mistake in exacting too much. His sympathies were with the Colonies, but he thought submission on their part was in order when the stamp-tax was removed, and that complete independence was absurd—the Colonies needed some one to protect them.

SAMUEL T.
COLERIDGE

Such reasoning in a boy of ten years seems strange, especially in view of the fact that a noted professor of pedagogy has recently explained to us that no child under fourteen is capable of independent reasoning. But it is quite certain that young Coleridge's opinions were not borrowed, for all the lad's acquaintances, who thought of the matter at all, considered the Americans simply "rebels" who merited death.

Coleridge remained at Christ's Hospital for eight years, and before he left had easily taken his place as "Deputy Grecian." Charles Lamb has given many delightful glimpses of that schoolboy life in the "Essays of Elia" ☞ ☞

Middleton, afterward Bishop of Calcutta, called the

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE attention of Boyer, the master, to Coleridge by saying, "There is a boy who reads Virgil for amusement!" Boyer was a strict disciplinarian, but he was ever on the lookout for a lad who loved books—the average youth getting out of all the study he could. The master began to encourage young Coleridge, and Coleridge responded. He wrote verses, essays and was a prodigy in memorizing. According to Boyer's idea, and it was the prevailing idea everywhere then, and is yet in some sections, memorization was the one thing desirable. If the subject were Plato, and the master had forgotten his book he called on Coleridge to recite. And the tall, fair-haired boy, with the big dreamy eyes, would rise and give page after page, verbatim et literatim.





BEFORE Coleridge went to Cambridge, when nineteen years old he had taken on that masterly quality in conversation that made his society sought, even to the last. Lamb has told us of the gentle voice, not loud nor deep, but full of mellow intonations, and bell-like in its purity.

SAMUEL T.
COLERIDGE

Such a voice, laden with fine feeling, carrying conviction, only goes with a great soul. No doubt, though, the young man had grown into a bit of a dictator, and this habit of harrangue he carried with him to College. To talk enabled him to think, and expression is necessary to growth. So the habit of argument with Coleridge seemed nature's method of developing his powers of mental analysis. No more foolish saying was ever launched than, "Children should be seen and not heard." From lisping babyhood Coleridge talked, and talked much. When he was twenty, at Cambridge, he drew the boys to his room, until it was crowded to suffocation, just by the magic of his voice, and the subtle quality of his thought. His questioning mind went right to the heart of things, and in his divisions and heads and sub-heads even the professors could not always follow him. Let us hope that he himself always knew what he was trying to explain. He discussed metaphysics, theology and politics, and very naturally got to treading on thin ice. In theology

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE his reasoning led him into Unitarianism, then a very fearful thing; and in politics he dallied with Madame la Revolution.

A polite note from the Master of the College, suggesting that he talk less and follow the curriculum a little more closely, led him straight to the Master, with whom he proposed to argue the case, or publicly debate it. This was terrible!

Stephen Crane at Syracuse University, a hundred years later, did just such a thing. He sought to argue a point in the class-room with Chancellor Symms.

"Tut, tut!" said the Chancellor—"have you forgotten what St. Paul says on that very theme?"

"Yes, I know," replied the best catcher ever on the Syracuse Nine, "yes, I know what St. Paul says, but I differ with St. Paul." And Stevie, unconsciously, was standing on the well-lubricated chute that landed him, soon, well outside the campus.

The authorities did not admire the brilliant young Coleridge, full of his reasons and prolix abstractions. He was attracting too much attention to himself, and gradually gathering about him a throng of admirers who might disturb the balance of things. He was there anyway only through sufferance, and an intimation was given him that if he were not willing to accept things as they existed, and as they were taught, he had better go elsewhere.

Piqued by his treatment and feeling he had been misunderstood and wronged, he suddenly disappeared.

Some months afterward an acquaintance found him in a company of dragoons, duly enlisted in His Majesty's service, under an assumed name, **SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE**

The authorities at Jesus College were notified, and knowing that such a youth was out of place serving as a soldier, and feeling further a small pang of regret possibly for having driven him away, a plan was set on foot to secure his discharge. This was soon brought about, and doubtless much to Coleridge's relief. Ere long he found himself back at Cambridge—a little subdued, and a trifle more discreet, for his rough contact with the work-a-day world.

A journey to Oxford, to visit an old friend, proved a pivotal point in his life. The fame of Coleridge as a poet had gone abroad, and the literary fledgelings at Oxford sought to do the visitor honor in the proper way. Among others, whom he met on this visit were Robert Southey and Robert Lovell, both poets of considerable local fame.

Lovell had been married but a few months before to a young woman by the name of Fricker. Southey was engaged to a sister of the bride, and there was still a third sister fancy free. The three poets became fast friends. They were all radicals, full of ambition to make a name for themselves, and all intent on elevating society out of the ruts into which it had fallen. All had suffered contumely on account of advanced ideas; and all were out of conceit with the existing order. They discussed the matter at length, and decided to

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE set the world an example, by founding an ideal colony and show how to make the most of life.

Coleridge had long been interested in America, and from an acquaintanceship with sundry soldiers who had helped fight the battles of George the Fourth in the New World, he had gathered a rather romantic idea of the country ☞ The stories of returned sailors and soldiers, told to civilians, are seldom exactly authentic. And Coleridge the poet, bubbling with the effervescence of youth, argued that a home on the banks of the Susquehanna, with love and books and comradeship, was the ideal condition.

The matter was broached to the three sisters Fricker, and they of course responded—what woman, worthy of the name of woman would not? And so the arrangements were fast being made, and as a necessary feature the three poets were duly and legally married to the three sisters, and Eden was to be peopled by the best ☞ ☞

A date was arranged for sailing, but some trifling matter of finance delayed the exodus—in fact, certain expected loans were not forthcoming. Coleridge put in the time lecturing and preaching from Unitarian pulpits. He also tried his hand as editor, but the publication scheme failed to bring the shekels that were to buy emancipation ☞ The innate contrariness of things seemed to be blocking all his plans.

Meanwhile we find Lovell drifting off into commercialism. That is to say, Barabbas-like, he had turned

publisher ☞ Gadzooks! What would you have a man SAMUEL T. with a wife and baby do? Live on moonshine—well, COLERIDGE well, well!

Death claimed poor Lovell before he could make a success either of commerce or art.

Coleridge moved up to the Lake District, and at Keswick, near where the water comes down at Lodore—or did before the stream dried up—he rented rooms of a kind friend by the name of Jackson, who owned Greta Hall. Southey was writing articles for London papers. He received a guinea a column, and when he wrote a poem, as he did every little while, he sent it to a publisher who returned him a little good cash.

Southey's wife went up to Keswick on a visit to see her sister, Mrs. Coleridge. Southey followed up to Keswick, and rather liked the situation. The Southeys and Coleridges all lived together as one happy family ☞ Southey was writing poetry and getting paid for it; and beside this had a small income ☞ Coleridge allowed Southey to buy the supplies, and when he went away on tramp lecturing tours he felt perfectly safe in leaving his family with Southey.



While up that way he met a young man, a native, by the name of Wordsworth—William Wordsworth,—and a poet, too.

Wordsworth had a sister named Dorothy, and this brother and sister lived together in a little white-washed stone cottage, built up against the hillside at Grasmere, a village thirteen miles from Keswick. Cole-

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE ridge liked these people first-rate and they liked him. He used to go down to visit them, and they would all sit

up late listening to the splendid talk of the handsome Coleridge. William said he was the only great man he ever met, and Dorothy agreed in the proposition.

Coleridge was discouraged—the world did not care for his work, and the men in power had set their faces against him—or he thought they had, which is the same thing. There was a conspiracy, he thought, to keep him down; and Wordsworth should have advised him to join it, but did not.

Dorothy Wordsworth was a most extraordinary woman—she was gentle, kind, low-voiced, sympathetic. She was not handsome, but she had the intellect that entitled her to a membership in the Brotherhood of Fine Minds. She knew the splendid excellence of Coleridge, and could follow him in his most abstract dissertations; and if his logic faltered she could lead him back to the trail  

Dorothy Wordsworth admired and pitied Coleridge; and from pity to love is but a step.

But Coleridge was not capable of a passionate love—the substance of his being was all absorbed in abstract thought. And yet Dorothy Wordsworth attracted him as no other woman ever did. He forgot his wife, Sara, up there at Southey's. Sara was a better looking woman than Dorothy, but she lacked intellect. Her life was all bound up in housekeeping and going to church, and the petty little round of daily happenings to neighbors

and friends. The world of thought and dreams to her was nothing. She loved her husband, but his foolish foibles vexed her, and his lack of application prompted her to chide him. And at such times he would turn to his friends at Dove Cottage for sympathy and rest.

They used to tramp the hills, and discuss philosophy, and recite their poems the livelong day. It was on one such jaunt that out of the ghost of shoreless seas they sighted the "Ancient Mariner." Then Coleridge went ahead, completed the plot and gave the poem to the world. And once he said, half boastfully, to Dorothy, "This old seafaring poem is valuable in that it is a tale no one will understand, but which will excite universal interest. Only the perfectly sane and sensible is dull" ☞ ☞

Wordsworth had read somewhat of the works of the German philosophers, and as he and his sister had a little money saved up they decided to go over and attend the lectures at the University of Göttingen for awhile. Coleridge had nothing in the way to prevent his going, too, save that he did n't have the money. However he wanted to go and so decided to lay the case before the sons of Josiah Wedgwood. These young men had been schoolfellows of Coleridge at Cambridge, and once he had gone home with them and so had met their father.

And right here comes a very strong temptation to say not another word about Coleridge, but merge this essay off into a sketch of that most excellent, strong and

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE noble man, Josiah Wedgwood. Here is a man who left his impress indelibly on the times, and whose influence outweighed that of a dozen prime ministers. The potter is gone, but he lives in his art, so we still have the best and purest and noblest of the soul of Josiah Wedgwood.

This man had assisted Coleridge at Cambridge and it was to his sons Coleridge looked for help to realize his Susquehanna dream of Utopia. But the Wedgwoods knew the hazy, moonshine quality of the project and made excuses.

Coleridge now appealed to them for assistance in a saner project, and they supplied him the money to go to Göttingen.

His stay of fourteen months in Germany gave him a firm hold on the language, and a goodly glimpse into the philosophy of Kant, Leibnitz and Schleiermacher. When Coleridge returned to England, he went at once to see his increasing family. Rumor has it that Mrs. Coleridge, in addition to caring for her own little brood and assisting in the Southey household, had also been working in the Keswick lead pencil factory for a weekly wage of twelve shillings ~~3s~~. The philosopher did not much like this lowering of dignity, and said so mildly. This led to the truthful explanation that he had hardly done his duty by his family in allowing them to shift for themselves or be cared for by kinsmen; and therefore advice from him was out of place. In short Southey intimated that while he would care for his sister-in-law

he drew the line at brothers-in-law 30 And Samuel **SAMUEL T. Taylor Coleridge** drifted up to London (being down) **COLERIDGE** to see if something would not turn up.

His first task there was to translate "Werther," but the work did not seem to go. Grub Street took up the brilliant talker and for a time he gave parlor lectures and filled the air of thought and speculation with his brilliant pyrotechnics. The force of his mind was everywhere acknowledged, but somehow he did not seem to get on. Men who have managed the finances of a nation often have not been able successfully to control their own; and more than once we have had the spectacle of one who could do the thinking for a world failing in the humdrum duties of a citizen and neighbor. Coleridge tried various things, among others a secretaryship that took him to Malta, but the lack of system in his habits and his absent-mindedness made him the prey and butt of "practical" men.



SAMUEL T.
COLERIDGE



WHEN Carlyle said that no more dreary record than the lives of authors existed, save the Newgate Calendar, he spoke truth. That the lives of most authors is a series of misunderstandings, blunders, heart-burnings, tragedies is a fact. The author is a man who diverts and amuses us by doing the things we would do if we had time; and if we like him it is only because he expresses the things we already know. His is a hard task, requiring intense concentration—a concentration that can only be continued for a short time without the absolute burning out of existence.

To think one's best and write out ideas is an abnormal operation. The most artistic work is always done in a sort of fever or ecstasy, which in its very nature is transient. To hunt and fish and dream and to work with one's hands are all very natural; but to sit down and think and then express your thoughts by the artificial scheme of writing on paper is a dangerous operation. If carried to excess it shall be paid for by your life.

Coleridge had turned night into day in his hot zeal to follow the winding, dancing mystery of existence to its inmost recess. At times he had forgotten to eat or sleep; and then to reinforce despairing nature he had resorted to stimulants.

Digestion had become impaired, circulation faulty through lack of exercise, so sleeplessness followed stimulation. Then to quiet pain came the use of the drug that brings oblivion. And lo! thought burned up brighter than ever and all the dreams of youth and twenty came trooping back.

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Coleridge had made a discovery. He thought he was getting the start of God Almighty, but he was n't, for men have tried that before, and are trying it to-day, and many know not yet that we are only strong as we cling close to the skirts of Mother Nature and follow lovingly in her ways.

From his twenty-ninth year we find Coleridge a wreck in mind and body; shuffling, sick, disheartened, erratic, uncertain, yet occasionally brilliant. He tramped the streets, feared and shunned. His money was gone, his power of concentration had vanished. In search of bread he met an old-time friend, Doctor Gillman.

"Gillman," said Coleridge, "I am sick and helpless—look at me!"

"Why don't you come to my house and live with me?" asked the kind friend.

"Gillman," said the poor man, "Gillman, I am on my way there!"

So Gillman took him to his house up at Highgate and took care of him as a child. And there he remained, the pride and pet of a group of brave, thinking men and women.

He lived on for thirty years, under the kindly, skilful

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE care of his friend, but all the real work of his life was done before he was thirty. Occasionally the old fire would flash forth, and the wit and insight of his youth would shine out ☉ Keats, Shelley, Lord Byron, and others strong and great, sought him out to hold converse with him. And so he existed, a sort of oracle, amiable, kind and generous—wreck of a man that was—protected and defended by loving friends; while up at Keswick, Southey cared for his wife and educated his children as though they were his own.

“I am dying,” said Coleridge to Gillman in July, 1834, “dying, but I should have died, like Keats, in youth and not have made myself a burden to you—do you forgive me?” We can guess the answer.

The dust of Coleridge rests in Highgate Cemetery, just a step from where he lived all those years. He, himself, selected the place and wrote his epitaph ☉ The simple monument that marks the spot was paid for by kind friends who remembered him and loved him and who pardoned him for all that he was not, in memory of what he once had been.





O a young man from the country, **SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE**

who makes his way up, no greater shock ever comes than the discovery that rich people are, for the most part, woefully ignorant. He has always imagined that material splendor and spiritual gifts go hand in hand; and now if he is wise he discovers that millionaires are too busy

making money, and too anxious about what they have made, and their families are too intent on spending it, ever to acquire a calm, judicial mental attitude.

The rich are not the leisure class, and they need education no less than the poor. Lord, enlighten thou our enemies, should be the prayer of every man who works for progress; give clearness to their mental perceptions, awaken in them the receptive spirit, soften their callous hearts, and arouse their powers of reason. Danger lies in their folly, not in their wisdom; their weakness is to be feared, not their strength.

That the wealthy and influential class should fear change, and cling stubbornly to conservatism is certainly to be expected. To convince this class that spiritual and temporal good can be improved upon by a more liberal policy has been a task a thousand times greater than the exciting of the poor to riot. It is easy to fire the discontented, but to arouse the rich and carry truth home to the blindly prejudiced is a different mat-

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE ter. Too often the reformer has been one who caused the rich to band themselves against the poor.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a Tory who defended the existing order on the plea of its usefulness. He approached the vital issue from the inside, taught the conservative to think, and thus open the eyes of the aristocrats without exciting their fears or unduly arousing their wrath.

Self preservation prompts men to move in the line of least resistance. And that any man should ever have put his safety in peril by questioning the authority of those able and ready to confiscate his property and take away his life, is very strange. Such a person must belong to one of two types. He must be either a revolutionist—one who would supplant existing authority with his own, thus knowingly and willingly hazarding all—or he is an innocent, indiscreet individual, absolutely devoid of all interest in the main chance.

Coleridge belonged to the last mentioned type. Genius needs a keeper. Here was a man so absorbed in abstract thought, so intent on attaining high and holy truth, that he neglected his friends, neglected his family, neglected himself until his body refused to obey the helm. It is easy to find fault with such a man, but to refuse to grant an admiring recognition of his worth, on account of what he was not, is an error, pardonable only to the rude, crude and vulgar. The cultivated mind sees the good and fixes attention on that.

Coleridge formulated no system, solved no complex

problems, made no brilliant discoveries. But his habit of analysis enriched the world beyond power to compute. He taught men to think and separate truth from error. He was not popular, for he did not adapt himself to the many. His business was to teach teachers—he conducted a Normal School, and taught teachers how to teach. Coleridge went to the very bottom of a subject, and his subtle mind refused to take anything for granted. He approached every proposition with an unprejudiced mind. In his "Aids to Reflection," he says, "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and then end in loving himself better than all."

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The average man believes a thing first, and then searches for proof to bolster his opinion. Every observer must have noticed the tenuous, cobweb quality of reasons that are deemed sufficient to the person who thinks he knows, or whose interests lie in a certain direction. The limitations of men seem to make it necessary that pure truth should come to us through men who are stripped for eternity. Kant, the villager who never traveled more than a day's walk from his birthplace, and Coleridge, the homeless and houseless aristocrat, with no selfish interests in the material world, view things without prejudice.

The method of Coleridge, from his youth, was to divide the whole into parts. Then he begins to eliminate, and divides down, rejecting all things that are not the thing,

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE until he finds the thing. He begins all inquiries by supposing that nothing is known on the subject. He will not grant you that murder and robbery are bad—you must show why they are bad, and if you cannot explain, he will take the subject up and divide it into heads for you.

First, the effect on the sufferer. Second, the evil to the doer. Third, the danger of a bad example. Fourth, the injury to society through the feeling of insecurity. Fifth, the pain given to the families of both doer and sufferer. Next he will look for excuses for the crime and give all the credit he can; and then finally strike a balance and give a conclusion.

One of Coleridge's best points was in calling attention to what constitutes proof; he saw all fallacies and discovered at a glance illusions in logic that had long been palmed off on the world as truth. He saw the gulf that lies between coincidence and sequence, and hastened the day when the old time pedant with his mighty tomes and tiresome sermons about nothing should be no more. And so to-day, in the Year of Grace 1900, the man who writes must have something to say, and he who speaks must have a message. "Coleridge," says Principal Shairp, "was the originator and creator of the higher criticism." The race has gained ground, made head upon the whole, and thanks to the thinkers gone, there are thinkers now in every community who weigh, sift, try and decide. No statement made by an interested party can go unchallenged. "How do you

know?" and "Why?" we ask ☞ That is good which serves—man is the important item, this earth is the place, and the time is now. So all good men and women, and all churches are endeavoring to make earth heaven; and all agree that to live, now and here, the best you can, is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

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We no longer accept the doctrine that our natures are rooted in infamy, and that the desires of the flesh are cunning traps set by Satan, with God's permission, to undo us. We believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that there is no devil but fear, and that the universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things. We know that work is needful, that winter is as necessary as summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of life, and just as good ☞ We believe in the Now and Here. We believe in you, and we believe in a power that is in ourselves that makes for righteousness.

These things have not been taught us by a superior class who have governed us for a consideration, and to whom we have paid taxes and tithes—we have simply thought things out for ourselves, and in spite of them. We have listened to Coleridge, and others, who said, "You should use your reason and separate the good from the bad, the false from the true, the useless from the useful ☞ Be yourself and think for yourself; and while your conclusions may not be infallible they will be nearer right than the opinions forced upon you by

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE those who have a personal interest in keeping you in
ignorance. You grow through the exercise of your
faculties, and if you do not reason now
you never will advance. We are all
sons of God and it doth not yet
appear what we shall be.
Claim your heritage!"







BENJAMIN DISRAELI

BENJAMIN DISRAELI



The stimulus subsided. The paroxysms ended in prostration. Some took refuge in melancholy, and their eminent chief alternated between a menace and a sigh. As I sat opposite the Treasury bench, the Ministers reminded me of those marine landscapes not unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes; not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest; but the situation is still dangerous: there are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumblings of the sea.—Speech at Manchester.



INCE Disraeli was born a Jew, **BENJAMIN**
he was received into the Jewish **DISRAELI**
Church with Jewish rites. But
Judaism, standing in the way of
his ambition, and his parents'
ambition for him, the religion of
his fathers was renounced and
he became, in name, a Christian.
Yet to the last his heart was

with his people, and the glory of his race was his
secret pride ♣ ♣ ♣

The fine irony of affiliating with a people who worship
a Jew as their Savior, but who have legislated against,
and despise the Jew,—this attracted Disraeli ♣ With
them he bowed the knee in an adoration they did not
feel, and while his lips said the litany, his heart
repeated Ben Ezra's prayer ♣ In temperament he
belonged with the double-dealing East. He intuitively
knew the law of jiu jitsu, best exemplified by the Jap-
anese, and won often by yielding. He was bold, but
not too bold.

Israel Zangwill, shrewdest, keenest and kindest of
Jews,—with the tragedy of his race pictured on his
furrowed face, a face like an ancient weather-worn
statue on whose countenance grief has petrified—has
summed up the character of Disraeli as no man ever
has or can. I will not rob the reader by quoting from
"The Primrose Sphinx" —that gem of letters must
ever stand together without subtraction of a word.

BENJAMIN It belongs to the realm of the lapidary, and its facets
DISRAELI cannot be transferred. Yet when Mr. Zangwill refers to the Mephistophelian curl of Lord Beaconsfield's lip, the word is used advisedly. No character in history so stands for the legendary Mephisto as does this man. The Satan of the Book of Job, jaunty, daring, joking with his Maker, is the Mephisto of Goethe and all the other play-writers who have used the character. Mephisto is so much above the ordinary man in sense of humor,—which is merely the right estimate of values,—so sweeping in intellect, that Milton pictures him as a dispossessed god, the only rival of Deity. ¶ Disraeli, not satisfied with playing the part of Mephisto and tempting men to their ruin, but thirsting for a wider experience, turns Faustus himself and sells his soul for a price. He knows that everything in life is sold—nothing is given gratis—we pay for knowledge with tears; for love with pain; for life with death. He haggles and barter with fate, and pays the penalty because he must.

He alternately affronts and cajoles his enemies; takes all that the world has to give; knows every pleasure; wins every prize; makes love to the daughters of men (without loving them); and winning the one he selects, secretly thanks Jehovah, God of his fathers, that he leaves no offspring,—because the woman fit for his mate and equal to mothering his children does not exist. The sublimity of his egotism stands unrivaled ☛ It is so great that it is admirable. We lift our hats to this

man. Napoleon gained the field without prejudice; but this man enters the list with hate and prejudice arrayed against him. He plays the pawns of chance with literature, religion, politics, and moves the queen so as to checkmate all adversaries. He flouts love, but to show the world that he yet knows the ideal, he occasionally pictures truth and trusting affection in his speeches and books. **BENJAMIN DISRAELI**

This entire game of life is to him only a diversion ♠ They may jeer him down in the House of Commons, but his patience is unruffled. He says, "Very well, I will wait." Now and again he smiles that wondrous, contagious smile, showing his white teeth and the depth of his dark, burning eyes. He knows his power. He revels in the wit he never expresses; he glories in this bright blade of the intellect that is never fully unsheathed.

They think he is interested in English politics—pish! Only world problems really interest him, and those that lie behind mean as much to him as those that are to come. He is one with eternity, and the vanquished glory of Rome, the marble beauty of Athens, the Assyrian Sphinx, the flight from Egypt under the leadership of one who had killed his man—yet had talked with God face to face—these and the dim uncertainty of the unseen, are the things that interest him ♠ He is a dreamer of the Ghetto.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI



HERE was no taint of mixed blood in the veins of Benjamin Disraeli. He traced his ancestry in a record that looks like a chapter from the Book of Numbers. His forbears had known every persecution, every contumely, slight and disgrace. Driven from Spain by the Inquisition, barely escaping with life, when Jewish blood actually fertilized the fields about Granada, his direct ancestor became one of the builders of Venice. The Jews practically controlled the trade of the world in the sun-kissed days of prosperity, when Venice produced the books and the art of Christendom.

To trace an ancestry back to those who enthroned Venice on her hundred isles was surely something of which to be proud; and into the blood of Benjamin Disraeli went a dash of the gleam and glory and glamour of Venice—the Venice of the Doges.

This man's grandfather came to England with a goodly fortune, which he managed to increase as the years went by. He had one son, Isaac, who nearly broke his parents' heart in that he not only showed no aptitude for business, but actually wrote poems wherein commerce was held up to ridicule. The tendency of the artistic nature to speak with disdain of the "mere money-grabber," and the habit of the "money-grabber" to refer patronizingly to the helpless, theoretical

and dreamy artist, is well known. Isaac Disraeli was an artist in feeling; he must have been a reincarnation of one of those book-makers of Venice who touched hands with Titian and Giorgione and helped to wisely invest the moneys the merchants of the Rialto made. Never a Gratiano had a greater contempt for a merchant than he. Just to get him out of the way, his parents packed Isaac off to Europe, where he acquired several languages, and some other things, with that ease which the Jew always manifests. He dallied in art, pecked at books, and made the acquaintance of many literary men.

When his father died and left him a goodly fortune, he had the sense to turn the entire management of the estate over to his wife, a woman with a thorough business instinct, while he busied himself with his books.

Benjamin was the second child of these parents. He had a sister older than himself, and two brothers younger. Those philosophers who claim that spirits have their own individuality in the unseen world, and the accident of birth really does not constitute a kinship between brothers and sisters, will find here something that looks like proof. Benjamin Disraeli bore no resemblance in mental characteristics to his sister or brothers; he did, however, possess the mental virtues of both father and mother, multiplied by ten.

When twelve years of age he exhibited that intense disposition for mastery which was through life his distinguishing trait. The Jew does not outrank the

BENJAMIN Gentile in strength, but the average Jew surely does
DISRAELI have the faculty of concentration which the averages
Gentile does not possess. And that is what constitutes
strength—the ability to focus the mind on one thing
and compass it: to concentrate is power.

When Ben was sent to the Unitarian school at Walthamstow, aged fifteen, it was his first taste of school life. Up to this time his father had been his tutor. Now he found himself cast into that den of wild animals—an English school for boys. His Jewish name and features, and his dandy ways and attire made him the instant butt of the playground. Ben very patiently surveyed his tormentors, waited to pick his man, and then challenged the biggest boy in the school to single combat. The exasperating way in which he coolly went about the business set his adversary's teeth chattering before the call of "time." The result of the fight was, that even if "Dizzy" was not thoroughly respected from that day forth, no one ever called "Old clo'! old clo'!" within his hearing. Of course it was not generally advertised that the lad had been taking boxing lessons from "Coster Joe" for three years, with the villainies of a boys' school in view. In fact, boxing was this young man's diversion, and the Coster on several occasions expressed great regret that writing and politics had robbed the ring of one who showed promise of being the cleverest welter-weight of his time. The main facts in both "Vivian Gray" and "Con-tarini Fleming" are autobiographical. Like Byron,

upon whom Disraeli fed, the author never got far away from himself. **BENJAMIN
DISRAELI**

It was not long before the intense personality of young Disraeli made itself felt throughout the Walthamstow school. The young man smiled at the pedant's idolatry of facts, and seized the vital point in every lesson. He felt himself the superior of every one in the establishment, master included—and he was.

Before a year he split the school into two factions—those who favored Ben Disraeli, and those who were opposed to him. The master cast his vote with the latter class, and the result was that Ben withdrew, thus saving the authorities the trouble of expelling him. His leave-taking was made melodramatic with a speech to the boys, wherein impertinent allusions were made concerning all schoolmasters and the master of Walthamstow in particular.

And thus ended the school life of Benjamin Disraeli, the year at Walthamstow being his first and last experience ❀ ❀

However, Ben was not indifferent to study; he felt sure that there was a great career before him, and he knew that knowledge was necessary to success. With his father's help he laid out a course of work that kept him at his tasks ten hours a day. His father was a literary man of acknowledged worth, and mingled in the best artistic society of London. Into this society Benjamin was introduced, meeting all his father's acquaintances on an absolute equality. The young man

BENJAMIN DISRAELI at eighteen was totally unabashed in any company; he gave his opinion unasked, criticised his elders, flashed his wit upon the guests and was looked upon with fear, amusement or admiration, as the case might be. **Q** Froude says of him, "The stripling was the same person as the statesman at seventy, with this difference only, that the affectation which was natural in the boy was itself affected in the matured politician, whom it served well for a mask, or as a suit of impenetrable armor."





HAT literature is the child of **BENJAMIN** parents, is true. That is to say, it **DISRAELI** takes two to produce a book. Of course there are imitation books, sort o' wax figures that look like books, made through habit by those that have been many years upon the turf, and who work automatically; but every real,

live, throbbing, pulsing book was written by a man with a woman at his elbow, or vice versa.

When twenty-one years of age Benjamin Disraeli produced "Vivian Gray." The woman in the case was Mrs. Austen, wife of a prosperous London solicitor. This lady was handsome, a brilliant talker, a fine musician and an amateur artist of no mean ability. She was much older than Disraeli—she must have been in order to comprehend that the young man's frivolity was pretense, and his foppery affectation. A girl of his own age, whose heart-depths had not been sounded by experience, would have fallen in love with the foppery (or else despised it—which is often the same thing); but Mrs. Austen, mature in years, with a decade of London "seasons" behind her, having met every possible kind of man Europe had to offer, discovered that the world did not know Ben Disraeli at all. She saw that the youth did not reveal his true self, and that instead of courting society for its own sake he had a supreme contempt for it. She intuitively knew

BENJAMIN that he was seething in discontent, and with prophetic
DISRAELI vision she knew that his restless power and his ambition would yet make him a marked figure in the world of letters or politics, or both.

For love as a passion, or supreme sentiment, ruling one's life, Disraeli had no sympathy. He shunned love for fear it might bind him hand and foot. Love not only is blind, but love blinds its votary, and Disraeli, knowing this, fled for freedom when the trail grew warm. A man madly in love is led, subdued,—imagine Mephisto captured, crying it out on his knees with his head in a woman's lap!

But Mrs. Austen was happily married, the mother of a family, and occupied a position high in London society. Marriage with her was out of the question, and scandal and indiscretion equally so—Ben Disraeli felt safe with Mrs. Austen. With her he put off his domino and grew simple and confidential.

And so the lady, doubtless a bit flattered—for she was a woman—set herself to push on the hazard of new fortunes. She encouraged him to write his novel of "Vivian Gray"—discussed every phase of it, read chapter after chapter as they were produced, and by her gentle encouragement and warm sympathy fired the mind of the young man to the point of production.

¶ The book is absurd in plot, and like most first books, flashy and overdrawn. And yet there is a deal of power in it, and the thinly veiled characters were speedily pointed out as living personages. ¶ Literary London

went agog, and Mrs. Austen fanned the flame by in- BENJAMIN
viting "the set" to her drawing-room to hear the great DISRAELI
author read from his amusing work. The best feature
of the book, and probably the saving feature, is that
the central figure in the plot is Disraeli, himself, and
upon his own head the author plays his shafts of wit
and ridicule. The impertinence and impudence which
he himself manifested were parodied, caricatured and
played upon, to the great delight of the uninitiated
rabble, who gave themselves much credit for having
made a discovery.

The man who scorns, scoffs, gibes and jeers other
men, and at the same time is willing to drop his guard
and laugh at himself, is not a bad man. Very, very
seldom is found a man under thirty who does not take
himself and all his wit seriously. But Disraeli, the
lawyer's clerk, at twenty was wise and subtle beyond
all men in London Town & Mrs. Austen must have
been wise, too, for had she been like most other good
women she would have wanted her protegee admired,
and have rebelled in tears at the thought of placing
him in a position where society would serve him up
for tittle-tattle. Small men can be laughed down, but
great ones, never.

A little American testimony as to the appearance of
Disraeli in his manhood may not here be amiss. Says
N. P. Willis: "He was sitting in a window looking on
Hyde Park, the last rays of sunlight reflected from the
gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered

BENJAMIN waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a
DISRAELI black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him a conspicuous object. He has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and strength of his lungs would seem to be a victim of consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls on his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, which on the right temple is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl. The conversation turned on Beckford. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning post, every muscle in action."





ISRAELI, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. And like Byron, he was yet a stripling. Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-five. Genius has its example, and Disraeli worshipped alternately at the shrines of Byron and Pitt. The daring intellect and haughty

BENJAMIN
DISRAELI

indifference of Byron, and the compelling power of Pitt—he saw no reason why he should not unite these qualities within himself. He had been grubbing in a lawyer's office, and had revealed decided ability in a business way, but novel-writing in office hours was not appreciated by his employer—Ben was told so, and this gave him an opportunity to resign. He had set his heart on a political career—he thirsted for power—and no doubt Mrs. Austen encouraged him in this. To push a man to the front, and thus win a vicarious triumph, has been a source of great joy to more than one ambitious woman. To get on in politics, Disraeli must enter the House of Commons. Even now with the help of the Austens, and his father's purse, a pocket borough might be secured, but it was not enough—he must enter with eclat.

A year of travel was advised—fame grows best where the man is not too much in evidence; there is virtue in obscurity. Disraeli decided to go down through Europe, traveling over the same route that Byron had

BENJAMIN taken, write another book that would secure him some
DISRAELI more necessary notoriety, and then stand for a seat in the House of Commons. Once within the sacred pale, he believed his knowledge of business, his ability to express himself as a writer or speaker, and the magic of his presence would make the rest easy.

There was no dumb luck in the matter—neither father nor son believed in chance; they fixed their faith on cause and effect.

And so Ben went abroad before London society grew a-weary of him.

His stay was purposely prolonged; and news of his progress from time to time filled the public prints. He carried letters of introduction to every one and moved in a sort of sublime pageant as he traveled.

When he returned, wearing the costume of the East, he was greeted by society as a prince. His novel, "Contarini Fleming," was published with great acclaim, and interest in "Vivian Gray" was revived by a special edition de luxe. "Contarini" was compared to "Childe Harold," and pictures of Disraeli, with hair curling to his shoulders, were displayed in shop windows by the side of pictures of Byron.

Disraeli was the lion of the drawing-rooms. When it was known he was to be in a certain place crowds gathered to get a glimpse of his handsome face, and to listen to his wit.

He introduced several of his Eastern accomplishments, one of which was the hookah. "Beware of tobacco,

my boy," said an old colonel to him one day; "women BENJAMIN do not like it; it has ruined more charming liaisons DISRAELI than anything else I know!"

"Then you must consider smoking a highly moral accomplishment," was the reply. The colonel had wrongly guessed the object of Disraeli's ambition.

He became acquainted with Tom Moore, Count d'Orsay, and Lady Morgan; Lady Blessington welcomed him at Kensington; Bulwer-Lytton introduced him to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis,—wife of the member from Maidstone—aged forty; and he was say, twenty-five. They tried conclusions in repartee, sparred for points, amused the company by hot argument and wordy pyrotechnics. When they found themselves alone in the conservatory, after a little stroll, they shook hands, and the gentleman said, "What fools these mortals be!" "True," replied the lady; "true, and you and I are mortals." And so Disraeli found another woman who correctly gauged him. They liked each other first rate.

At last a vacant borough was found and arrangements made for the young man to stand as a candidate for the House of Commons. The campaign was entered upon with great vigor. Disraeli quite outdid himself in speechmaking, and waistcoats. The election took place and he was defeated.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI



ITH Disraeli defeat meant merely a transient episode, not a conclusion. On the second venture he was elected, and one sunshiny day found himself duly sworn in as a member of the House of Commons, with a seat just back of Peel's.

There is a tradition in Parliament, adopted also in the United States Senate, that silence is quite becoming to a member during his first session. Disraeli had a motto to the effect that it is better to be impudent than servile, and in order to teach Parliament that in the presence of personality all rules are waived, he very shortly indulged him in an exceeding spread-eagle speech ☛ But he had not spoken five minutes before the members began to laugh. Cat-calls, hisses and mad tumult reigned. The young man in the flaming waistcoat let loose all his oratorical artillery, and the result was bravos and left-handed applause that smothered his batteries. Again and again he tried to proceed, but his voice was lost in the Clover-Club fusillade. The Chair was powerless. At last the speaker saw an opening and roared above the din, "I will now sit down, but you shall yet listen to me!"

Opinions were divided as to whether the House had squelched the Israelitish fop, or whether the fop had tantalized the House into unseemliness. The young

man needed snubbing, no doubt, but the lesson had **BENJAMIN** been given so brutally that sympathy was with the **DISRAELI** snubbed. The original intent was to abash him, so he would break down; but this not succeeding, he had simply been clubbed into silence.

Then when Disraeli refused to accept condolences—merely waiving the whole affair—and a few days after arose to make some trivial motion, just as though nothing had happened, he made friends.

Any man who shows himself to be strong has friends—people wish to attach themselves to such an one. Disraeli showed himself strong in that he held no resentment, and indulged in no recrimination on account of the treatment he had received. A weak man would have done one of these things: resigned his seat, demanded an apology from the House, or refused to let his voice again be heard. Disraeli did neither—he continued to speak on various occasions, and expressed himself so courteously, so modestly, so becomingly that the members listened in awe and curiosity. Then soon it was discovered that beneath the mild and gentle ripple of his speech ran a deep current of earnest truth, tinged with subtle wit. When he spoke, the loungers came in from the cloak-rooms, fearing to miss something that was worth while.

The House of Commons experience taught Disraeli one great truth and that was this: the most effective oratory is not bombastic. Among educated people (or illiterate) the quiet, deliberate and subdued manner is

BENJAMIN best. Reserve is a very necessary element in effective
DISRAELI speaking. It is soul-weight that counts, not mere words, words, words. The extreme deliberation and compelling quality of quiet self-possession in Disraeli's style dated, according to Gladstone, from the day that Parliament tried to laugh him down. After that if any one wanted to hear him they had to come to him, and he took good care that those who did come did not go away empty. He never explained the evident, illustrated the obvious, nor expatiated on the irrelevant.

However, the motto, "Impudence rather than servility" was not discarded. Instead of a dashing style he developed a slow, subtle, scathing quality that was quite lost on all, save those who gave themselves to close listening. And the House listened, for when Disraeli went after an antagonist he chose an antlered stag. If little men, fiercely effervescent and childishly inconsequential, attempted to reply to him or sought to engage him in debate, he simply answered them with silence, or that tantalizing smile.

O'Connell and Disraeli, although unlike, had much in common and should have been fast friends. Surely the age and distinguished record of O'Connell must have commanded Disraeli's respect, but we know how they grappled in wordy warfare. Disraeli called the Irishman an incendiary, and O'Connell, who was a past master in abuse, replied in a speech wherein he exhausted the Billingsgate lexicon. He wound up by a

reference to the ancestry of his opponent, and a suggestion that "this renegade Jew is descended from the impenitent thief, whose name was doubtless Disraeli."

It was a home thrust—a picture so exaggerated and overdrawn that all England laughed. The very extravagance of the simile should have saved the allusion from resentment; but it touched Disraeli in his most sensitive spot—his pride of birth.

He straightway challenged his traducer. O'Connell had killed a man in a duel years before, and then vowed he would never again engage in mortal combat. Disraeli intimated he would fight O'Connell's son, Morgan, if preferred, a man of his own age.

Morgan replied that his father insulted so many men he could not set the precedent of fighting them all, or standing sponsor for an indiscreet parent. But with genuine Irish spirit he suggested that if the son of Abraham was intent on fight and could not be persuaded to be sensible, why, the matter could probably be arranged.

Happily, about this time, police officers invaded the apartments of Disraeli and arrested him on a bench-warrant. He was bound over, to his great relief, in the sum of five hundred pounds to keep the peace.

O'Connell never took the matter very seriously, and referred soon after in a speech to "my excellent, though slightly bellicose friend, child of an honored race" ***

Disraeli did not take up politics to make money—the

BENJAMIN man who does that may win in his desires, but his
DISRAELI career is short. Nothing but honesty really succeeds. Disraeli knew this, and in his record there is no taint. But the income of a Member of the House of Commons affords no opportunity for display. Disraeli's books brought him in only small sums and his father's moderate fortune had been sadly drawn upon. He was well past thirty, and was not making head, simply because he was cramped for funds. To rise in politics you must have an establishment; you must entertain and reach out and bring those you wish to influence within your scope. A third floor, back, in an ebb-tide street, will not do. Like Agassiz, Disraeli had no time to make money—it was a sad plight. But this was a man of destiny, and to use the language of Mr. Augustine Birrell, "Wyndam Lewis at this time accommodatingly died." Mrs. Wyndam Lewis had been the firm friend and helper of Disraeli for many years, and although a small matter of fifteen years separated them as to ages, yet their hearts beat as one. Scarce a twelvemonth had gone before the widow and Disraeli were married. They disappeared from London for some months, journeying on the Continent. When they returned all the old scores in way of unpaid bills against Disraeli were paid, and he was master of an establishment. Disraeli was thirty-five, his wife was fifty, but it was a happy mating. They thought alike, and their ambitions were the same. Disraeli treated his wife with all

the courtly grace and deference in which he was an **BENJAMIN**
adept, and her princely fortune was absolutely his. **DISRAELI**
“There was much cause for gratitude on both sides,”
said O’Connell. And there is no doubt that Disraeli’s
wife proved the firmest friend he ever had. For many
years she was his sole confidante and best adviser.
She attended him everywhere and relieved him of
many burdens. That true incident of her fingers being
crushed by the careless slamming of the carriage door,
and her hiding the bleeding members in her muff, and
attending her husband to the House of Commons,
where he was to speak, refusing to disturb him by
her pain,—this symbol the moral quality of
the woman. She was the fit mate of a great
man, and it is pleasant to know that
she was honored and appreciated.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI



TO TELL the story of Disraeli's thirty years in Parliament would be to write the political history of the time. He was in the front of every fight; he expressed himself on every subject; he crossed swords with the strongest men of his age. That he had no great and overpowering convictions on any subject is fully admitted now, even by his most ardent admirers—it was always a question of policy; that is to say, he was a politician. He gave a point here and there when he had to, and when he did, always managed to do it gracefully. When he ambled over from one party to another he affected a fine wrath and gave excellent reasons.

Three times he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and twice was he Prime Minister, and for a time actual Dictator. But he took good care not to exercise his power too severely. When his word was supreme, the safety of the nation lay, as it always does, in a strong opposition.

In one notable instance was Disraeli wrong in his prophecies—he declared again and again that Free Trade meant commercial bankruptcy. Yet Free Trade came about, and the fires were started in ten thousand factories, and such prosperity came to England as she had never known before.

Political economy as a science was a constant butt

for his wit, and in physical science he was dense to a point where his ignorance calls for pity. He believed in the literal Mosaic account of creation, and said in his paradoxical way on one occasion, that in belief he was not only a Christian, but a Jew. And this in spite of his most famous mot: "All sensible men are of one religion."

"And what is that?"

"Sensible men never tell."

Had Disraeli been truly sensible he would not have attempted to hold Charles Darwin up to ridicule, by declaring in a speech at Oxford that "it is a choice between apes and angels." He had neither the ability, patience, nor inclination to read the "Origin of Species," and yet was so absurd as to answer it.

In his novels of "Coningsby," "Sybil" and "Tancred," he argues with great skill and adroit sophistry that a landed aristocracy is necessary to a progressive civilization. "The common people need an example of refinement in way of manners, art and intellect. Some one must take the lead, and reveal the possibility of life in leisurely and luxurious living." And this example of beauty, gentleness and excellence was to come from the landed gentry of England—ye gods! Was it possible that this man believed in the necessity of the gentry as a virtuous example? Or did he merely view the fact that the aristocracy were there in actual possession, and as they could not be evicted, why then the next best thing was to cajole, flatter and discreetly

BENJAMIN advise them? Who shall say what this man believed!
DISRAELI ¶ Sensible men never tell.

But this we know, this man had no vice but ambition. He conformed pretty closely to England's ideals, and his thirst for power never caused him to take the chances of a Waterloo. ✱ His novels show a close acquaintanceship into the ways of society, and he knew the human heart as few men ever do. The degradation of the average toiler in Great Britain, the infamy of the policy extended toward Ireland, and the cruelty of imperialism—all these he knew, for his books reveal it; but he was powerless as a leader to stem the current of tendency. He acquiesced where he deemed action futile.

"Lothair" is his best novel, for in it he gets farthest away from himself. It reveals a cleverness that is admirable, and this same brilliancy and shifty play of intellect are found in "Endymion," written in his seventy-fifth year. Whether these novels can ever take their place among the books that endure is a question that is growing more easy to answer each succeeding year. They owed their popularity more to their flip-pant cleverness than to their insight, and their vogue was due, to a great extent, to the veiled personalities that interline their pages.

That Disraeli did not carry out all the plans and reforms he attempted, need not be set down to his discredit. It is fortunate he did not succeed better than he did. He, however, safely piloted the great ship in

the direction the passengers desired to go; and his **BENJAMIN**
own personal ambition was reached when he, a **DISRAELI**
Jew at heart—member of a despised race—
had made himself master of the fleets,
armies and treasury of the proud-
est Christian nation the
world has ever known.





OUND into the life of Disraeli is a peculiar incident in the romantic friendship that existed between him and Mrs. Willyums of Torquay, Cornwall. About the year 1849, Disraeli began to receive letters from an unknown admirer, who expressed a great desire for an interview on "a most important business." All public men, especially if they have the brilliant mental qualities of Disraeli, receive such letters. The sensitive, neurotic female who is ill-appreciated in her own home and whose soul yearns for a "higher companionship," is numerous. Disraeli's secretary used to take care of such letters with a gentle explanation that the Chief was out of town, but upon his return, etc., etc., and that was the last of it. But this Torquay correspondent was insistent, and finally a letter came from her saying she had come to London on purpose to meet her lord and master, and she would await him at a seat just east of the fountain in Crystal Palace at a certain hour. Disraeli read the missive with impatience—the idea of his meeting an unknown woman in this fishmonger manner at a hurdy-gurdy show! He tossed the letter into the fire. The next day another letter came, expressing much regret that he had not kept the appointment, but saying she would await him at the same place the following day, and begging him, as the matter was very

urgent, not to fail her. ¶ Disraeli smiled and showed **BENJAMIN** the letter to his wife. She advised him to go. When **DISRAELI** his wife said he would better do a thing he usually did it; and so he ordered his carriage and went to the hurdy-gurdy show to meet the impressionable female of unknown age and condition at the seat just east of the fountain. It was a silly thing for the leading member of Parliament to do—to make an assignation in a public place with a fool-woman—all London might be laughing at him to-morrow! He was on the point of turning back.

But he reached the fountain and there was his destiny awaiting him—a little woman in widow's black. She lifted her veil and showed a face wrinkled and old, but kindly. She was agitated—she really did not expect him—and the great man gave a great sigh of relief when he saw that no flashily dressed creature had entrapped him. Even if people stared at him sitting there it made no difference. ¶ In pity he shook hands with the little old woman, sat down beside her, calmed her agitation, spoke about Cornwall and the weather, and inquired what he could do for her. A rambling talk about nothing followed, and Disraeli was sure it was just a mild case of lunacy.

He arose to go, and the woman gave him an envelope, saying she had written out her case and begged him to read the letter when he had time. The man was pre-occupied, his mind on great affairs of state—he simply crushed the letter into the side-pocket of his overcoat,

BENJAMIN bade the woman a dignified good-morning, and turned
DISRAELI away ☞ ☞

It was a month before he found the letter all crumpled and soiled there where he had placed it. He really had forgotten where it came from ☞ The envelope was opened and out dropped a Bank of England note for one thousand pounds. This note was to pay for certain legal advice. The advice wanted was of a trivial nature and Disraeli, always conscientious in money matters, hastened to return the money, in person, and give the advice gratis.

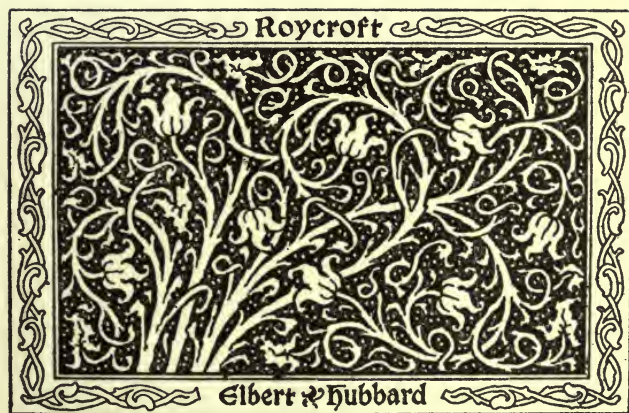
But the lady had had the interview—two of them—and this was all she wanted. Letters followed, and this developed into a daily correspondence, wherein the old lady revealed the story of her passion—a passion as delicate, earnest and all-devouring as ever a girl of twenty knew. Insane, you say? Well, ah—yes, doubtless. But then, love is illusion; perhaps life is illusion, a very beautiful rainbow, and why old folks should not be allowed to chase it, or allow sweet emotion to gurgle gleefully under their lee, a bit, as well as young folks, I do not know. Then, really, is love simply a physical manifestation and do spirits grow old? If so, where is our belief in the immortality of the soul?

Mrs. Willyums was childless, had long been a widow, was rich, and her heart had been in the grave until she began to trace the record of Disraeli. She was a recluse: read, studied, fed on Disraeli—loved him. After several years of dreaming and planning she had actually

bagged the game. She was a woman of education and **BENJAMIN**
ideas. Her letters were interesting—and Disraeli's **DISRAELI**
letters to her, now published, reveal the history of his
daily life as he never told it to another. At her death
the bulk of Mrs. Willyum's fortune went by will to
Disraeli.

But Mrs. Disraeli was not jealous of this affection.
Why should a woman of sixty be jealous of another
woman the same age? They pooled their love and grew
rich together in recounting it. Presents were going
backward and forward all the time between Disraeli's
country home and Torquay. Mrs. Willyums next came
to live at Hughenden. There she died, and there she
sleeps, side by side, as was her wish, with Benjamin
Disraeli, Lord Privy Seal, Earl Beaconsfield of Bea-
consfield, Viscount Hughenden of Hughenden. And
the reason the Ex-Premier was not buried in West-
minster Abbey was because he had promised these
two women that even death should not separate them
from him. So there under the spreading elms, in this
out-of-the-way country place, they rest—these three,
side by side, and the sighing breeze tells and tells
again to the twittering birds in the branches,
of this triple love, strange as fate, strong
as destiny, warm as life, pure as
snow, and unselfish as the kiss
of the summer sun.

HERE ENDETH VOLUME VII OF THE LITTLE JOUR-
NEYS, THE SAME BEING TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH
AUTHORS, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE
TITLE-PAGE AND INITIALS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT
ARTISTS, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED
BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH
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Little journeys to the
homes of English authors

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